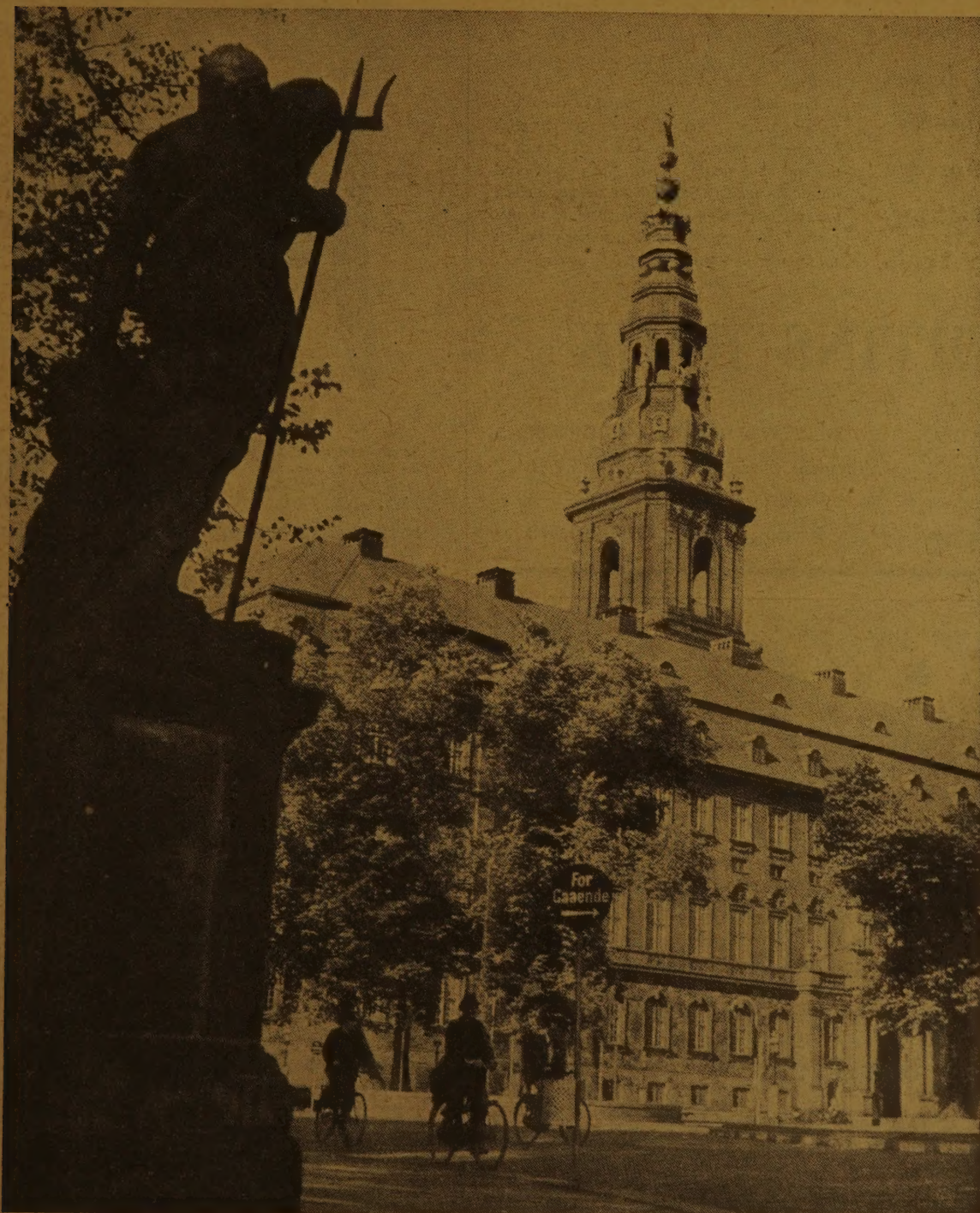


# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Christiansborg castle, Copenhagen, which contains the Danish Parliament building (see page 525)

In this number:

Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, Paul Bureau, Seán O'Faoláin

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# The Listener

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## American Capital in the Commonwealth

By PAUL BAREAU

IN the difficult days of 1940 Mr. Churchill suggested that the two English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States of America, would in future have to be somewhat mixed up together for their mutual and general advantage. 'For my own part', he added, 'I do not view the process with any misgiving. I couldn't stop it if I wished. Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along'. That was before Pearl Harbour; before the United States came into a shooting war. Since then the Mississippi has certainly rolled along quite a way. Our affairs, political, economic, military and naval, have got well mixed up together.

On the financial side the process has gone very far. During the war there was the vast and complicated mesh of operations under Lend-Lease and mutual aid. At the end of the war the slate of Lend-Lease and mutual aid was wiped clean. There were thousands of millions of dollars on it. They were simply cancelled. After that came the big American post-war loan to the British Government. Later still there was Marshall Aid, the flow of which has just been suspended as far as Britain is concerned. And now, looming up in the offing, there are the complicated financial arrangements to be made under the common defence programme of the two countries—a kind of Lend-Lease for the cold war.

All these items, however, were, and are, inter-governmental transactions. Most of them were concerned with war or making good the damage of war. A much more interesting permanent and constructive chapter in the history of financial relations between the United States and the Commonwealth is the one which deals with American capital used not for war or post-war rehabilitation but in the ordinary course of business, in normal commercial

investment. Since the end of the war a steady stream of American capital has made its way to Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth. Before I describe this movement and deal with some of its implications, let me say a few words about the general principle involved. Is it a good or a bad thing at this time to allow foreign capital to come into our own preserves?

Let us look at this general question by considering what international investment has achieved in the past. In the past we in Britain were the big exporters of capital. We played a large part in building the railways in the United States, in opening up Argentina, in developing tea estates in India, tin mines in Malaya. There are thousands of such examples of British overseas investments, investments which left behind them a trail of development and profits benefiting all concerned, the lenders and also the countries in which the investment took place. But there is one important point to note about all this: the effectiveness of British capital exports was largely due to the fact that we exported not only the capital but the men who looked after it. These were not primarily financial but human ventures. There was little of the absentee landlord about them.

Now the centre of economic gravity in the world has shifted westward, over to the other side of the Atlantic. But the principle of international investment remains unaffected. The good that flowed from our enterprise should also flow from the export of American capital, provided it is conducted with wise discretion and with care for good management. Let me add another qualification—namely, that the export of capital should be made with patience and tenacity. In the period between the two wars and particularly in the nineteen-twenties, when the United States were taking their first steps in what was for them the new art of foreign investment,

they undoubtedly did some damage as well as good by rushing in with offers of capital and then rushing out again when things were not going too well. They have learned a great deal since then, and although the American is still on the whole more impetuous than we are (and a very good thing sometimes) he is much less so in his foreign investment policy than he was twenty or twenty-five years ago.

### The World's Biggest Creditor Nation

There is still another qualification to be made. It is this—a country which invests abroad, which becomes a creditor nation, must allow the other nations, the debtors, to remit the interest on those loans and investments. When we in Britain were the bankers of the world we were also a free trade nation. The two things went together. We invested money, as, for example, in the United States to build railways, and then we took our dividends by importing wheat, cotton and tobacco which those railways had helped to carry. Today the United States are becoming the world's bankers; but they are still a long way from being a free trade nation. Fortunately they are moving slowly in that direction; but it has yet to be shown that in their commercial policy, in their willingness to import the goods of others, they will live up to their great responsibilities as the world's biggest creditor nation.

Let us now have a look at a few examples of this flow of American capital into the Commonwealth since the war. Much of it has taken the form of what are called direct investments, the setting up by American firms of foreign subsidiaries. Canada has been by far the greatest field for this kind of American enterprise. In the last few years there have been two major developments of the natural resources of Canada, the oilfields in Alberta and the iron ore deposits of Labrador. These are projects which will affect the economic situation in Canada deeply and favourably. Each of them has some American capital behind it. The Canadian oil will ultimately help to supply the needs of the west coast of the United States. The iron ore will feed the American steel industry. Here are two classic examples of foreign investment which will create the means by which the dividends on those investments can be remitted to the lending country.

Here in Britain we have received a more modest but none the less important amount of American capital. Let me trace one specific example. Among our biggest post-war shortages was the carbon black which is needed to make motor-car tyres. It is now being produced here with the help of American capital invested with a Marshall Plan guarantee. This means that Marshall Aid stepped in by telling the American manufacturer 'Go ahead, build a factory in Britain and we'll guarantee that the profits you make over there can be converted back into dollars'.

It has invested dollars but much of its expenditure has been in sterling. The first result of the deal, therefore, was that dollars came into this country to be exchanged for pounds sterling which the company needed. Then Britain gains dollars once again when the factory begins to manufacture carbon black, because we no longer have to buy as much of it from the United States. If all goes well the home-produced article should be cheaper than the imported, so that the effect of this investment of American capital should be to lower the cost of production of our tyres. Naturally, part of the profits made by this American firm will have to go back to the United States. The American parent company may leave some of those profits here to be used in expanding the British plant; but, as normal business people, they will also want some dividend, some return on their investments. Against the immediate gain of dollars when the capital came in and the subsequent dollar economy secured by making the stuff at home, we must therefore set off the yearly remittances of profits that will have to be made to the United States. Another point to bear in mind is that we may later on be able to export carbon black from this country. That is another way in which the British balance of payments will be helped by this investment of American capital. Many factories established here with American capital are intended

to manufacture not only for the British but the Commonwealth and European markets. In the Commonwealth their manufactures will have the advantage of imperial preferences. In Europe they will benefit from the fact that most countries of the world find it easier to pay sterling than dollars for the goods they have to import. Let me add that there is no favouritism here for these firms. They have to abide by the normal exchange regulations. They compete on even terms with British firms for scarce materials, building licences, and so on. This exchange of capital, let me say it again, is still a mutual affair. There are in the United States branches and subsidiaries of British insurance companies which do a large and profitable business and bring substantial profits home to this country. The mixing up is therefore genuine. It is not a one-way traffic.

There are many other parts of the Commonwealth where American capital is also doing good work. An overseas development pool has been built up with Marshall dollars and Britain has had a very large share of it. It has been used for such things as building a power station in Malta, making roads in Africa and Malaya, buying equipment for the anti-locust campaign in Africa. Within the last few months much bigger sums have been lent to Commonwealth countries by the World Bank. This is an international organisation which operates from Washington. It is fast becoming one of the main channels through which dollar capital is being sent to those parts of the world where it is most needed and can do most good. The Bank has just lent Australia \$100,000,000 and South Africa \$50,000,000. These are big sums. In Australia they will help to finance the ambitious immigration schemes which involve immense expenditure of capital in building houses, communications and so on. The loan to South Africa will help to build power stations, and to extend railway communications.

You may ask, 'Isn't there a catch in this? Aren't the United States gaining political domination in the countries where their capital is going?' There is no evidence of that yet. I should like to see any non-Australian trying to exercise political influence, far less domination, in that vigorously independent country. The same holds true of South Africa. Let me give you a good example of non-interference. I said above that a \$50,000,000 loan was being made to South Africa. Four-fifths of that money will be spent not in the United States, but elsewhere, mainly here in Great Britain. There you have American capital being used to encourage trade which will not directly touch the United States at all.

### The Colombo Plan

The ambitious Commonwealth investment programme, known as the Colombo Plan, should provide more opportunity for this co-operation of British and American capital enterprise. The intention of the plan is to lift the living standards of the teeming millions of south and south-east Asia. It is the best—I would say the only—long-term answer we have against the spread of communism in that part of the world. It is too big a plan for our own unaided efforts. There is a part to be played in it by the United States, and Americans have in fact taken a hand in the latest discussions on the plan. This may well be the point at which our own Commonwealth development plans will join hands with President Truman's Point Four programme for the enrichment of the poorer countries of the world. I can see only good coming from such a partnership. At the end of the Anglo-American loan negotiations in Washington in 1945, a British opponent of the loan said to Lord Keynes, who was the head of our delegation, 'Well, that's the end of our independence; you have made us the 49th State of the Union'. To which Keynes answered, 'The 49th State, did you say? No such luck'. Like many Keynesian quips, this was not meant to be taken straight. But its irony veiled a great fundamental truth, namely, that we have little to fear and much to hope from the greater unification, the more intimate mixing up of the affairs of our great English-speaking community.

—Home Service

# Denmark's Choice

By TERKEL M. TERKELSEN

**T**HE second of April happens to be an important anniversary in Anglo-Danish relations. It is 150 years since Lord Nelson won one of his important victories—the Battle of Copenhagen. The battle has been continuously waged for a century and a half by historians. 'Were the Danes acting contrary to the usage of war, or was Nelson's behaviour on the verge of sharp practice?' to quote a British naval historian. I do not feel competent to pass judgment but if you could have seen Copenhagen today with all its flags flying you would realise that we are proud of the way in which our navy fought and lost the battle.

I am not going to trace Anglo-Danish relations through history, but I should like to mention just one more incident, six years after the Battle of Copenhagen, when British troops were landed north of the capital. Their Commander declared they did not come as enemies, but only to protect us from the French. The offer was not received with good grace. In 1940, also in April, Denmark was invaded by the Germans. They did not, of course, come as enemies, but to protect us against a planned attack by the British and French. In Moscow, Molotov nodded his approval. He thought the German occupation of Denmark quite a natural thing. I am afraid that in this matter we disagree violently with both Russians and Germans. We do not find occupation a natural state of affairs. That dislike, to put it in simple words, has been the foundation of Danish foreign policy since the last war. We do not want another occupation, on whatever pretext it might be launched.

Up to this point there is general agreement among Danes. But when we start discussing ways and means to gain this end there is a division of opinion. The choice that presented itself was between neutrality and some form of armed alliance. I shall try to put the case of the Danish supporters of neutrality as fairly as possible. They certainly have tradition behind them, for Denmark's policy for generations was one of neutrality, and in the nineteen-twenties also of disarmament. They can also point to the fact that neutrality kept Denmark out of the first world war, and that our neighbour, Sweden, steered clear of both the first and the second world wars by a somewhat

flexible neutrality. There is a good deal of defeatism trading under the name of neutrality, but there are sincere believers—people who feel that Denmark's exposed position makes neutrality her only hope of survival in a European conflict.

There are those who place their trust in the progress of human civilisation, and there are people who hold a missionary belief in the United Nations as a cure-all. Add to this the Small Powers' distrust of Great Powers. Perhaps I should make this point a little clearer. It springs from the conviction that small nations are good and Great Powers essentially bad, and the bigger they get the worse. I dare say you can find examples even in recent history to justify this big brother

complex, but I fail to see that it gets us anywhere. If virtue were a guarantee of survival, the world would look different today.

My personal opinion is that the neutrals are imitating Nelson, but in a wrong spirit. They put their telescopes to their blind eyes because they refuse to see a signal which spells danger. The most effective counter to this is probably the hard fact that the great majority of the Danish people have decided to quit neutrality: I believe for good. That is the biggest revolution in Danish foreign policy in our lifetime. This complete turnabout was made possible by the Social Democrats—our Labour Party—who first abolished their pre-war

policy of disarmament and, when the time came, fully supported the Atlantic Treaty. It is an invaluable stabilising factor that there is complete agreement between the two present government parties—the Liberal Farmers' Party and the Conservatives—and the main opposition party, the Social Democrats. Governments may change, but the foreign policy and the policy of rearmament is there to stay.

I should like at this point to say a few words about our defence effort. Shortly before the last war, Denmark had begun to rearm on a modest scale, but at that time everybody was buying arms and our defences were far too weak to prevent a German occupation in 1940. During the occupation, the Nazis raided all military stores and equipment, the Danish Navy scuttled itself to avoid capture. The result was that Denmark had to start from scratch when it was decided to rebuild her defences after the German surrender in 1945. It had been decided by the Allies that all surrendered German war materials should be destroyed, and, being honest people, we carried out the orders. Honesty pays, is a golden rule, but in this case making an exception to the rule would have paid even better. For second-rate German war material would have been better than nothing at all. We had to beg, borrow and buy arms from a dozen different sources, with the



Men of Denmark's Royal Life Guards at gunnery practice



A British armoured vehicle in use in the Danish army

result that Danish armament became the most varied since the days of Lawrence of Arabia. That has been changed, and we have to acknowledge assistance from a number of friendly countries, including the United States, Britain and Sweden. We have received supplies of arms from all three countries, and we have been afforded training facilities in America and Britain. The lines ahead now seem clear. We are getting a constant supply of arms under the American military aid programme, and Parliament has voted the necessary funds for the maintenance of a defence system adequate for the size of the country.

However, new weapons are useless if the men have not been trained to use them. This is our 'Z Reserve' problem and we are going to solve it by calling up three age groups for three weeks' training during the summer and autumn. It means that Denmark's military preparedness will be considerably strengthened in the months to come. We shall have 55,000 men under arms, counting the Home Guard with its strength of 35,000 men. This is a good beginning, particularly if you remember that we started from scratch six years ago. But it would be sheer complacency to say that there are no shortcomings. There are still many chinks in the armour. There is a shortage of trained officers and N.C.O.s; there is still a shortage of material; the Air Force is only just growing into a fighting force; in short, Denmark is in no way different from the majority of the Atlantic Treaty nations. What is encouraging, however, is that a sense of frustration has been replaced by a feeling of confidence, not unqualified, naturally, but at least a feeling which is entirely different from the attitude which led to disarmament and a certain degree of defeatism.

The change is largely explained by our membership of the North Atlantic Treaty. Both Denmark and Norway are members of the North Atlantic Treaty, with all its rights and obligations. But our common neighbour, Sweden, the biggest and strongest of the Scandinavian countries, stands outside. The Swedes still adhere to neutrality or, as they prefer to call it, a policy of non-alliance. This is by common consent a great weakening of the defence of the whole Scandinavian area. Not only would Sweden have been a formidable ally, even by Great Power standards, but the whole defensive strategy of the northern countries would have improved immensely if the three countries had been able to link up their defences. That is generally agreed. After the idea of the Atlantic Treaty had been put forward, Sweden did, in fact, offer to Denmark and Norway a full-scale military alliance, but on the condition that it was independent of the North Atlantic Treaty or any

similar grouping. The choice was not an easy one. On one side you had Sweden—one of the strongest military Powers in western Europe—offering to scrap her neutrality and automatically come to the aid of Norway and Denmark if they were attacked; on the other side, you had the United States, with their offer of a treaty to western Europe, followed by a military aid programme, but only on the condition that you came in a hundred per cent.

Could a compromise be found between the Swedish and the American conditions? The answer was 'no', and that was a pity. Norway and Denmark had to choose between a Scandinavian alliance or the North Atlantic Treaty. They felt that Scandinavia was too small a unit to stand alone, and they chose to link their fate with the other North Atlantic countries, and the choice was in my opinion right. The open question, however, is whether it was necessary to force a choice between the Swedish and the American proposals? It was just and proper that the Americans should demand full adherence to the Atlantic Treaty, but was it wise? It is easier to pose the question than to answer it, but I feel that if the matter had been left to old-fashioned European diplomacy a more satisfactory result might have been achieved, and the position of the northern corner of Europe would have been a good deal happier. Whether the matter can be raised again is another open question—exactly as open as the gateway to the Baltic is at the present moment.

I have spoken at great length of the Atlantic Pact, because the Pact and its implications are by far the most important subjects in public discussion in Denmark. It has often been said that it was the foreign policy of Denmark not to have one. Now we have one: no wonder we are intrigued by this recent acquisition. We really feel we are full-blown partners in the somewhat confused European scheme of things, and also in a combined effort to bring order out of chaos. We believe this effort must be primarily a task for Europeans, in spite of all the generous assistance which the Americans are giving in men, in material, and general encouragement. But we are looking, too, for European leadership. We are quite prepared to admit the Germans to European co-operation on fair terms, but not as leaders of Europe. I am afraid the German language does not distinguish clearly between leader and master, and it is not a master that is wanted, least of all a German master. Many of us are, to put it in plain words, looking to Britain to resume, boldly and increasingly, leadership in European affairs.

—From a talk in the Home Service

## Friends Behind the Iron Curtain

By R. A. CLOSE

**I** MUST tell you about the last time I met any of my friends in Prague. You might call it an underground tea-party, except that it had nothing whatever to do with subversive plots. If it had, I should have been risking the sack and fifteen years' imprisonment, and jeopardising our entire effort to promote understanding and friendship with the people of Czechoslovakia, all for the sake of something no doubt completely futile. No, I say 'underground' because any personal contact with the Czechs, even the harmless professors, writers, musicians, students and ordinary folk who were my friends, had to be carried on by subterfuge.

It was my business, as well as my pleasure, to make friends with Czech people. And theoretically the authorities in Prague recognised it to be so. But in practice they attributed a sinister motive to any communion with the west unless it had the blessing of the party and could serve the party's ends. As one official put it, my job would have been much easier if I had been a communist. Otherwise, what could intercourse between myself and a citizen of the Czechoslovak Republic mean but an attempt to subvert on the one hand, and, on the other, the passing of state secrets to the agent of a foreign Power? To plead that one only wanted to see one's friends was an admission of ignorance and guilt. To us, friendship still suggests a private relationship between individual human beings. In the new order in Czechoslovakia, there is no place for relationships of this kind: they are regarded as a threat to public security. If you have doubts and fears and views of your own, you do not need a friend to tell

them to: you confess them at the next party meeting, which will soon put you right. Besides, if you do commit the crime of expressing such confidences, the duty of a friend and of a brother is to denounce you at once. In the evening, you do not need a friend to save you from getting lonely or bored: you go to a political rally or lecture, or you relax at a concert or play (of suitable social-realist content) where you will be well taken care of. At week-ends or on holiday, if you want company, you can—indeed you must—join a brigade, to collect bottles or waste-paper, clear away the snow, help with the harvest or lay a new railway-line, in the company of your fellow-workers. They are your friends, and thus will your natural desires for companionship be fulfilled, for your own and the general good. The intimacy and the personal loyalty we value so highly in friendship are dismissed as inventions of bourgeois sentiment. So there are two sorts of friendship, one fulfilling the commandment 'Be ye kind one to another', and one marching along with the slogan 'Fall in with us and you'll have everything you want'. I had the impression that many of the Czechs, after almost seven years of Nazi captivity, were longing for a little of the first sort.

But how? Over here, you run across your friends by chance in the crowded city; you give them a ring or drop them a line; you arrange to have a drink or to lunch out together; you invite them to your house or they ask you to theirs. But you cannot do any of those things in Prague nowadays. To begin with, you scarcely see anyone you know out and about. I remember going into a restaurant, crowded

with delegates to a party conference, and finding the only vacant seat immediately behind a man I once knew extremely well. He saw me without a flicker of recognition and we sat through the meal, back to back, like lovers after a quarrel, each acutely aware of the existence of the other but determined to ignore it. No, you do not meet your friends in town. It is in Prague that you find the empty haunted streets of the Third Man; you see plenty of people, hurrying to work as they do at seven in the morning; filling their red-painted single-decker trams; or massing the streets and squares by order whenever there is another important communist celebration on. But what you miss is the hubbub of individual voices in the market-place. I came home from Prague via Paris and remember being fascinated just sitting at a table on the boulevard watching single human beings greeting one another openly—not furtively or in the mass—and looking into one another's faces and talking normally. That could not happen in Prague. Two or three families I knew refused to go out at all, except to work or to buy absolute essentials, for fear of becoming involved in some encounter that would blot their copybook.

### The Dangers of Telephoning—

Telephoning was out of the question. 'Don't telephone', they all said. 'Or if it is unavoidable, dial any three numbers before you ring off, that will make it impossible to trace the call'. It sounded to me like throwing salt over my left shoulder. I just did not telephone, except strictly on business to government officials, who could be as scared as anyone of how the record of our conversation would ultimately be used. And writing? Well, the most innocuous word would be misconstrued. Use a word like 'information', 'news', 'message', even 'friend', in your letter, and the cynic seeking the basest possible motive would turn you into a spy in no time. One of the mildest of my acquaintances lost his job through lending money to a British traveller in distress: when the money was repaid, the poor man wrote acknowledging receipt and was charged with accepting funds from a foreign Power. Less tragic was the story of a colleague of mine who opened one of his letters and found enclosed in it a chit from the censor's translator offering his services for any work we might like done on the side.

One stood a better chance of keeping up one's friendships at one of those large gatherings that take place in Prague for the opening of an exhibition or for some anniversary or other. You could always be certain of a crowd on those occasions. The air was unbelievably tense, with everybody trying to keep a watch on everybody else, with people with their backs towards you straining to catch every word you spoke. Many of the Czechs would be interested—perhaps greatly comforted—to see you there, but would not dare to be seen even bidding you 'Good evening'. This applied equally to communist officials, who were often terrified of 'exposing' themselves as they called it. If they had to speak to you, they took care to bring a third person into the conversation. At one of these functions I found myself cornered with a friend from the university whom I had not seen for months. I felt he was not so much afraid of being seen with me, as actually afraid of me. As neither of us could move because of the crowd, we had to talk, but I could see that he had something on his mind he was working himself up to utter. At last he gripped my arm and whispered, 'They tell me that you . . . is it true that you . . . ?' I understood. The rumour had gone round that I was only pretending to be friendly in order to invite confidences which I could secretly report. My face must have given him the answer, for his grip tightened and he cried, '*Dieu vous garde, monsieur!*' and turned abruptly away.

### —And of Being a Guest

Sometimes, if a distinguished British scientist or artist arrived in Prague, it was my responsibility to see that they met their Czech opposite numbers, and then I could give a party at my house, including such of my personal friends who were professionally interested in the occasion. There was no doubt that all of the party, communist or not, appreciated the freedom of an English home, but unfortunately there was always somebody who had instructions, or who to gain promotion felt it his duty to act as informer, so that any one of my guests was liable to be summoned for interrogation. The only thing left was to visit people in their own homes, provided you were sure they were not afraid to have you there—as many of them were. I used to go about the city by car, the only public transport being the trams, which were slow and always breaking down. But I would leave my car two or three

blocks away from the house I was going to, preferably outside a house occupied by a communist or by someone who had been generously treated in this country during the war and had now thrown his old friends over. I went visiting in this way on Christmas Eve. The first door I knocked at was opened by the wife. I could tell by her apron, the flush on her face and the odour from the kitchen, that she was cooking the carp for their Christmas Eve supper. 'Please go in', she said, 'my husband is writing'. Or rather he had been. The wireless was tuned in softly to the King's College Chapel carols which had so moved him that he had picked up a pen to write to a friend at Cambridge. But no words came, only tears, and he was lying on his back on the sofa pressing his eyes with his finger-tips.

I next went to see a communist with whom I was personally on very good terms. I did not mean to, but I must have made him most uncomfortable. He certainly looked it. He wanted to know where I had left my car, if I was alone, who had let me in. But what I think worried him most was the realisation that our feelings for each other were such that a private call, at that season of the year, could happen. He was guilty of having a friend who could do this thing—and a western one at that. Third on my list was a widow whose husband had been strangled before her eyes by the Gestapo. He had been a man of great moral courage and she could not get over the feeling that his brave spirit was still alive. When she saw me and the Christmas parcel in my hand she stared as if I were the ghost. I said I had only come to wish her a Happy Christmas, and to leave a little present, a packet of tea. She said, 'Is that really why you came?' I began to wonder myself. My chief recollection of these meetings was their general air of miserableness—for which we should consider there was ample cause—and the fact that no one seemed able to speak. They whispered, or clung to your hand and said nothing, or, worse still, reproduced set phrases mechanically.

But my last tea party was different. First, I must tell you how it came about. As you can see, one could not arrange it the normal way, especially towards the end of my stay when the press were accusing us of cannibalism. It happened that I literally walked into my host as I was leaving a nationalised food store where I had been buying Prague ham to take back to England. I apologised. He said 'Please, please, come to tea on Thursday'. I went. There were five or six others and I was glad to see them all again. How they had come together I have no idea. I had the feeling they had popped up from the earth. But they all loved their fellow-men and were passionately fond of their homeland.

### Faith in the British

What was so unusual about this party was that they talked—without restraint, as though none of them would any more dream of informing against his neighbour than we should, and as though microphones had never been invented—and without one reference to politics, as though that would have been like talking shop on a holiday. No, over their weak milkless tea and thick cheese and salami sandwiches they spoke of their country, its mountains and music, Capek and Thomas Masaryk, and the misfortunes of the individual in the glorious rush of the herd to the sea. And then they were optimistic. 'We stay here and hope', they said. I ventured to ask what they were hoping for. They told me I did not understand. The British were fated to do things, sooner or later. The role of the Czechs was to wait and hope.

I did not understand. Nor did a character whom I shall call the Doctor. He was a gentle, gracious, very civilised man, and begged to differ, saying, 'There's not very much left for me to hope for'. As I took my leave, the Doctor said, 'I would like to give you a picture: it's of no value, but it's of Prague. I'll send it. I'm sorry I couldn't bring it this evening'. Of course he could not bring it. What would the neighbours think if I was seen walking away with it? What vital plans and precious documents would that simple parcel not contain when the story reached headquarters? The picture was there on my desk next morning. With it, a note, which I read and put in my pocket so that later I could retire, set a match to it and pull the chain. He must have known, at the party, what was coming. For he was arrested and given a sentence which meant, at his age, imprisonment for life. I do not know what for, but from what I have heard since, it might have been for helping his son to cross the frontier. It was typical of him that he did it in such a way as to implicate no one but himself. I have his picture of Prague, and the memory of his note. All it said was: 'Good-bye, I hope that whatever happens you will remember me as one of your friends'.—*Home Service*

# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Eastern radio comment on 'western satellites'

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## On the Line

IT is extraordinary that in the age of the jet aeroplane and the sleek motor-car the old fashioned railway train should still keep its perennial fascination for the young. On the other hand the strikes and other industrial disputes which from time to time shake the great railway systems of the world are a reminder that to be a railwayman (as, perhaps, a fireman) is not necessarily as glamorous as it seems. The members of the Model Railway Club, which held its exhibition last week at the Central Hall, Westminster, are, as a learned contemporary informed us, 'rarely railwaymen', though the membership ranges from peers to taxi-drivers. At the moment, it appears, the Club is dedicating itself to a serious task, that of preserving for posterity the historical forms of British locomotives and railway stock not only before nationalisation but before the amalgamation of 1921. Whether British Railways with its coat-of-arms and uniform of green will have the same romantic appeal for the next generation as the Big Four had for the last remains to be seen, but unless boyish nature changes fundamentally one sees no reason why not. And as for adults, a monopoly, however virtuous, always possesses the charm of being an Aunt Sally.

In a talk broadcast by Mr. Sam Pollock (from which we publish an extract this week) we were taken recently to the Mecca of railwaymen (and of railway travellers), the town of Crewe. Crewe, not a very beautiful place, has merit for the young. One remembers two sons of a distinguished savant who lived in a beautiful house in Cheshire and owned a splendid motor-car. Their greatest treat when children was to be driven into Crewe to watch the trains before returning home to play with the model railway in their cellar. But what of the ten thousand men and their families who dwell in Crewe and there preserve the traditions of railway service? Mr. Pollock assures us about the cheerfulness of the 'amazingly youthful members of the Railway Veterans' Institute', but adds, on the other side, how they take a dim view of the younger men in the profession. 'There aren't any railwaymen today', one of them thought. And in this time of full employment with industry often being able to offer better wages and conditions there must obviously be some danger of a decline in standards. For railwaymen invariably have to work inconvenient hours, cannot enjoy the week-ends and Bank Holidays of the city clerk, and must suffer the frustrations of those who cannot reach the football match or whist drive on which they set their hearts.

Still the railways are not the only business where there are such deprivations. The countryman cannot work to the clock; the journalist and broadcaster know inconvenient hours; and the professional footballer cannot take off Saturday afternoon. Indeed most professions, with a romantic appeal for those who are not engaged in them—acting on stage or film, for example—have such disadvantages. It is the penalty for giving service to the community in its leisure hours. But railways are not only the means of giving happiness to many, but are now, and will be for many years, the basis of our way of life. During the last great war when road transport was handicapped by its dependence on imported petrol and for a time the port of London was virtually closed to shipping the railways were our salvation. The story of what they did then and what their servants risked has still not been fully told. The instinct of admiration for the railways that suffuses the younger generation is a right one. We should be proud of our railwaymen.

THE ABSENCE OF ANY REFERENCE of importance in Soviet and satellite press and radio to the meeting of the Foreign Ministers' Deputies in Paris suggests that the East European commentators are marking time before venturing to express any further opinion on the deliberations there. But they have had a great deal to say about the meeting of the twenty-one South American Republics in Washington. The Soviet paper *Pravda* discusses the conference in an editorial entitled 'Under the Dictatorship of Wall Street', and writes:

The agenda of the conference, drawn up by the American State Department, represents a programme of political, economic and military submission of the Latin American peoples to the United States. . . . The United States wants loyal and docile allies for its war adventures. In other words, it wants mere puppets and that is how it looks upon the Latin American countries which are economically dependent on the United States.

In a comment on President Truman's speech to the conference, Moscow radio had this to say:

Truman, who spoke at the opening of the conference, had to defend United States preparations for a new war. Putting new demands before the Latin American Governments, Truman placed military questions before everything. . . . The United States imperialists are trying to unite all the armed forces of the American Continent and to subordinate them to Washington.

The same theme was taken up by the official Soviet-run newspaper in eastern Germany, the *Taegliche Rundschau*, which commented that the conference was taking place behind closed doors and adduced the following reason for it:

Washington evidently thinks that it is undesirable that the people of Latin America should see how their 'representatives' kow-tow to the United States rulers. Moreover, there is one item on the agenda which is shamefacedly called 'strengthening of the inter-state security' which demonstrates quite clearly that Washington will demand from its satellites increased terror against all progressive movements.

As a corollary to these observations on the Pan-American Conference, there has been a spate of pungent criticisms of the extension of United States' influence over other countries. Moscow radio put out extracts from an article written for the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* by the Dean of Canterbury in which the latter is quoted as saying:

The awareness of the pernicious influence of the Americans on British policy is gaining a stronger hold on the mind of the average Englishman. They [the Americans] demand that we fight shoulder to shoulder with the restored Nazi Army against those very allies who saved us at Stalingrad. America controls the size of our army and its equipment, directs our finances, and forces us to reduce our social expenditure. But things are changing in England.

The Bucharest radio returns to the charge that Israel is another country which is coming increasingly under American influence, and signals as a symptom of this the implication of a number of people in Government circles in illicit currency dealings. The Albanian radio, discussing United States hegemony over Yugoslavia, especially in the economic sphere, sees direct evidence of it in the fact that 'a consignment of handcuffs' for use on patriots who opposed the west was included in a shipment of goods received from the United States.

Eastern commentators have had little to say about General MacArthur's proposals for a truce in Korea. There was a reference to it in the Russian Hour programme broadcast on Vienna radio, when it was stated that 'under the cynically impudent pretext of making a peace offer' MacArthur had threatened to extend the war to the Chinese mainland. The speaker added that General Marshall's statement concerning the proposals, although they 'could no longer reassure anybody in the light of what has happened', showed that 'even the White House has realised that the world peace movement is a force which can no longer be ignored'. The Peking paper, *People's Daily*, said:

This statement once again shows that American imperialism is the deadly enemy of the Chinese people. The joint declaration of the various democratic parties in China last November said that, just as with Japanese imperialism in the past, the main objective of American aggression in Korea is not Korea itself but China. Although leaders of the United States Government like Truman and Acheson have worn themselves out by trying to cover up the essence of United States' aggressive plots, the mask has been completely torn off by the statements which General MacArthur made on March 24.

# Did You Hear That?

## TAKEN ON TO CREWE

'THE HARDEST PLACE to find at Crewe station is the way out', said SAM POLLOCK in the North of England Home Service. 'The whole place is plastered with notices telling you where to get a train for Perth or Plymouth, for Manchester or Merthyr Tydfil—but nobody, not even British Railways, ever assumes that you might want to get to Crewe itself. When you ask for a ticket for Crewe, the booking clerk looks at you with a wild surmise, and has to go round the back to find one; even the heroine of the famous song "Oh, Mr. Porter!" you will remember, only got there by mistake, when she really wanted to go to Birmingham.'

'And of course this attitude to the great junction town is based on reality. In nearly every other case the railways came to serve an existing community and industries; the community and the industries came to Crewe in the first place to serve the railway. In 1837, the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, the first train of the Grand Junction line passed over the site of Crewe—it had not even that name then; and six years later the great locomotive works, which are still by far and away the town's leading industry, were opened. The railway company built the town hall and the schools and the churches and laid out the streets, and presented the town with what is today one of the most attractive municipal parks in Britain—the Queen's Park.'

'Crewe has now a population of 60,000—of which 10,000 earn their living with British Railways—7,500 in the "loco" works and the remainder as operating and commercial staff. When you add the families of these 10,000 you get some notion of what the railway means to Crewe. Even the outsiders are not immune to railway influence. Most of the tradesmen, of course, live indirectly on railway wages and salaries, but that is not all: railway practice tends to be a yardstick in all sorts of ways—as one outside clerical worker said to me, "If you ask for a rise in this town, they'll quote the railway rate to you—and if you're getting as much or more, you've had it".'

'What struck me most about the many railwaymen I talked to in Crewe was the way they carry their age. I am not only thinking of the amazingly youthful members of the Railway Veterans' Institute. This Institute has 1,400 members, most of them in the seventies and eighties, and the billiard room of an afternoon is livelier and noisier than most of the boys' clubs I know. The only silent and unhappy-looking man I saw in the place was a pensioner of ninety-three; his next opponent in the billiards handicap, a stripling of seventy-eight, had scratched, through fear of the superior skill of the nonagenarian, who was thrown into the deepest pessimism by this evidence of the degeneracy of modern youth. I talked to many serving railwaymen in the fifties and sixties, and the appearance and outlook of nearly all of them seemed to me almost boyish. All the rest of us had our trains taken away from us at fourteen, while they have gone on playing with their engines and freight cars, thus escaping the frustrations that have left us bald and wrinkled. But these older railwaymen do have one quality which we associate with advancing years: in the main they take a dim view of the younger men who are growing up under them. "Railway-

men!", one old driver said to me, "there aren't any railwaymen today". And he said it in the hearing of his young fireman too, though he admitted that on the job, in mere technical proficiency, the youngsters were every bit as good as, perhaps better than, their elders. What they lacked (and I heard the story too often for there to be nothing at all in it) according to the old 'uns was the spirit—the *esprit de corps*—of the old-style railwayman.'

'But every time we came back to the same point: the attraction for modern youth—and, let us be fair, for us older ones as well—of the job that gives them all their evenings and all their Saturday afternoons free, and in many cases their Saturday mornings as well. All that *and*—in a good many cases—fuller and easier-earned wage packets than the railways can offer. "Other industries", said one of the station staff who is also a very active union man, "can tack on the cost of their high wages and amenities to the price of their product, and the public has to take it or leave it: we alone have to go before a Tribunal to justify every extra halfpenny we add to fares or freight charges".'



Band of the Royal Marines at the Lowering of the Colours in the Ceremony of Sunset on H.M.S. *Victory* during one of Portsmouth's recent Navy Days

## WHERE NELSON SLEPT

On Saturday, March 24, PATRICK BEECH visited the Royal Naval Dockyard at Portsmouth and described how the evening sun was bathing the black and yellow painted side of H.M.S. *Victory* in a golden light, and casting long shadows across the arena where, to the accompaniment of the Band of the Royal Marines, he had just watched the slow lowering of the Colour in the Sunset Ceremony which marked the closing of the first of Portsmouth's Navy Days. Some days earlier another B.B.C. reporter, DOUGLAS WILLIS, gave an account in 'The Eye-witness' of how, inside the *Victory*, Nelson's cabin had been restored.

'Nelson had a bedroom', he said, 'a large dining-room, an equally large day cabin—we would call it a lounge—and two small enclosed promenade decks from which he could survey the fleet, and, if need be, the enemy. All are most comfortably furnished and now most pleasantly redecorated by Lieutenant Southcott and Mr. Langford and their thirty Petty Officers and men who look after *Victory* under the overall command of C.-in-C., Portsmouth.'

'All is now as it was, with the slight exception of Nelson's sleeping cabin where his folding bed, his cot, his chair and his toilet cabinet are separated from us by a glass screen. There was no glass screen in Nelson's day; there was no glass window in the cabin at all. The wind either blew straight in through a large opening in the bulkhead or it was blocked by a heavy shutter, and the room would have been in darkness. The draught when the window was open was probably responsible for the drapings—Lady Hamilton made the originals—which shroud his cot. They hang like a roof over his head and feet; the cot hangs on ropes from the ceiling and it all looks as comfortable as, and rather like, a baby's cradle.'

'The other bed which Nelson used only in port is an ingenious collapsible affair which the Admiral used to fold up and use as a coffee-table when he was at sea. The chair is just like any other wooden chair, but the toilet cabinet, like the folding bed-cum-coffee-

table, is a remarkable affair. It is about the size of an upright radio-gramophone and its lid opens up to reveal three apertures—one for the washbasin and two for the shaving water and the soap dish. There is a slot at the back and when you pull a strip of wood, up slides a shaving mirror. The whole cabinet can be closed up in a matter of seconds, and that is why it was made—so that it could be stowed safely away as soon as the ship went into action.

The panelled walls of Nelson's three cabins have been painted in their original colour, green, which reminded the Admiral of the shore he had left behind him, and the floor of the dining-room has been covered with canvas, which has been painted in black and white draught's-board squares, as it was in 1805. A beautiful circular walnut table has recently been added to the day cabin. It harmonises with Captain Duff's musical box which, with the assistance of Lieutenant Southcott and Mr. Langford, I was able to play. One held the lid back, the other helped move the music roll, and I turned the handle. The music filled the room with the volume and power of a steam organ at a fair-ground. It swelled and trumpeted among the furniture and out of the cabin, up the gangway into Captain Hardy's cabin and on to the quarter-deck along the rainswept decks, up to the fore-tops, and for all I know, 850 ghosts of Trafalgar cocked their ears and turned happily in their sleep.

### THE ARCHAEOPTERYX

A bird which up to now had been seen only as a fossil specimen is on view in the Natural History Museum's bird gallery. It was made by the chief taxidermist of the museum, A. G. HAYWARD, who in 'The Eye-witness' described the work of reconstruction.

'The archaeopteryx lived about 120,000,000 years ago', he said. 'It was the size of a crow, with heavy wings—wings which had not yet developed sufficiently for it to fly strongly. It spent its life flapping clumsily from branch to branch and climbing with the help of three small claws protruding from the front of each wing. It had snake-like teeth. Its head and tail were unmistakably those of a reptile, even if its tail was well feathered. In fact, the archaeopteryx was a reptile masquerading as a bird. The reason was that birds originally came from reptiles—we have fossils to prove this—and the archaeopteryx is the missing link in this development.'

'How did I make a model of this remarkable creature? I started off with research. Some years ago two fossilised specimens of the archaeopteryx were found in Bavaria. We have one of them at the Natural History Museum, and I spent months studying this—picking out its various parts and making scale drawings of them. From these drawings I proposed to make a wire skeleton, but before I could start on the actual job of making the archaeopteryx, I had to do a lot more research into the habits of the bird and into its environment.'

'With this background, I set to work making my archaeopteryx. I made the head, neck, feet and fingers of beeswax. The teeth were originally pins. Special reptile-like glass eyes were made for it. I made a wooden foundation for the body, covered it with wax and then set to work inserting the feathers into it.'

'What about the colours? The fossils we have give no hint about the colour, but we are fairly sure that the archaeopteryx was not a brightly coloured bird. Its scales had only recently turned into feathers and these were not likely to have had time to develop from the dull colours of scales into the bright plumes of the modern bird. The archaeopteryx was probably dark brown, and the feathers I selected were the brown ones from the stomach of a pheasant, the wings of a pigeon and the back of a cormorant. On and off, I spent the better part of a year inserting these feathers into the wax, one by one, using tweezers. There were times when I could gladly have given up the

job and turned to something less painstaking. But I finished it, and now I have started on a second specimen of the archaeopteryx, which is shortly going to America'.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT CASABLANCA

'I remember my first impression of Algiers', said DARSIE GILLIE in a Third Programme talk. 'I had come by air from a snowy, slushy, uncomfortable Paris, still ill-clad, ill-fed and under-heated, and above all, unsure of itself after the occupation. Here, in white Algiers, the climate was warm and soft and a people of pioneers were self-confidently swinging their arms as they walked and talked and laughed.'

Up the steep hill against which the town is built, six-storey blocks of very French flats were stacked one above the other, as if houses were being exhibited in a shop window. It was only after walking the streets for half an hour more that I began to take in the sheeted and veiled figures of Moslem women who flitted between the Europeans; and to notice not only the firm crunching of European shoes, but also the flop-flop of the babouches.

Casablanca, considered as a Franco-Moslem town, is nearly a hundred years younger than Algiers, but already six or seven storeys higher—higher even than the great glass cage of the Algerian Gouvernement Général. It is ugly. Its central streets, planned for a town a third the size, are already strangled. It is building more and better skyscrapers. Its harbour is a triumphant invasion of a savage sea. You can buy soft, Arab bread from a man seated on the pavement, or French bread, for which you pay, to as full-bosomed a *caissière* as any in Paris. You can buy locusts for your breakfast, or *pâté de fois gras* for your dinner. Casablanca is crude. It is Philistine. It is a haphazard mixture of Europe and Islâm. Its cathedral is in reinforced concrete. It has produced a boxing champion—Marcel Cerdan. It has the



The reconstructed archaeopteryx in the Natural History Museum, London

largest swimming bath in the world. It is very much alive.

'Further down the savage Atlantic coast you will find the sardine towns, with their sardine factories proliferating almost as fast as sardines themselves, and producing new French *bourgeoisies* which, in a generation's time, will probably be patrician. They are already full of local pride. Not only in the town, but inland, you will find the French *colon*. I think of a farm in the red earth of the Tadla Plain in Central Morocco. Its owner grew tomatoes to be tinned for the French and the British market, and made his own wine from carefully selected grapes. The first glass called for a second. A very memorable wine. And then, just out of Algiers, there are all the farmsteads of the Mitidja which Browning very mistakenly supposed to have been "a desert vast and wide". You remember: "As I ride, as I ride, with a full heart for my guide". Whereas it was a marsh till the French *colons* made it what it is today'.

### INSEPARABLES

'So far from worrying about his family', said M. A. PLINT in a Home Service talk, 'the hardened traveller hardly ever seems to have any family to worry about. Perhaps because they were an exception at any rate to this rule my favourite explorers are the redoubtable Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman. Dr. Bullock Workman, it seems, never left Mrs. Bullock Workman behind, and in my mind they are as inseparable as William and Mary. I have a vivid picture of them, as they plod bravely over the Himalayan passes and Karakoram valleys in the sunlit world of the 'nineties. Mrs. Bullock Workman wears a black riding-habit and a pith helmet. She is interested in botany and is forever scrambling up the wayside rocks in search of specimens. Dr. Bullock Workman sticks to the path but every so often he remarks mildly—"Has anyone seen Mrs. Bullock Workman lately?"'

# Colonial University Colleges

By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON FYFE

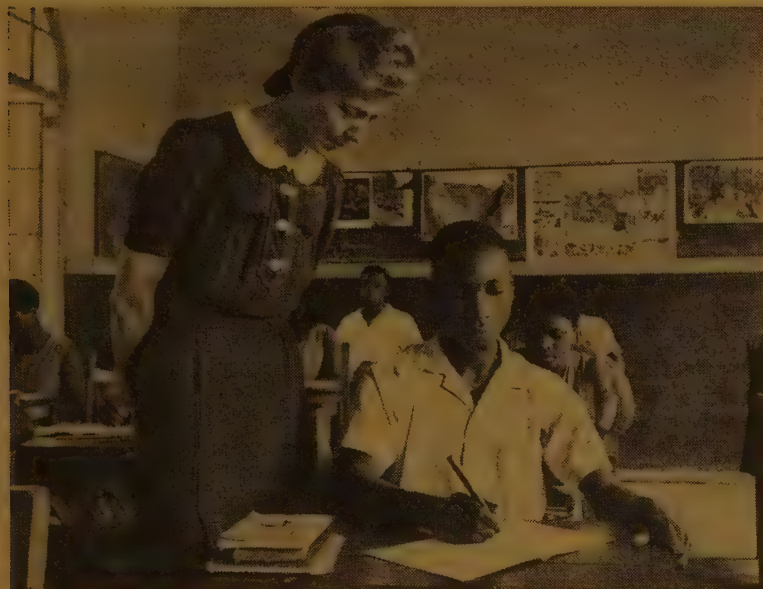
**I**N the darkest days of the war, when our national resources were strained to the uttermost, we—you and I—the taxpayers of this country, voted a very large sum of money for colonial development and welfare. I know it is sinful to boast and undignified to advertise, but all the same I do think that was rather a good thing to do. And of that very large sum a considerable proportion was spent on higher education. And by 'higher education' I mean provision for study beyond the normal course of secondary schooling.

At the time when the money was first voted, there were four fully-fledged universities in the Colonial Empire. The Universities of Malta,

familiar object to men and women who had never seen any but man-drawn transport before. At the airport of Kano, where Northern Nigeria runs up towards the Sahara, new ideas come spilling out of aeroplanes of all kinds, and the result of the infection is that large numbers of West Africans make their way to the United Kingdom and to the United States, hungry for education and for training. There is no doubt that it is *wanted*, and higher education is also urgently *needed*. In the ordinary daily life of the colony you can see at once the need for educated Africans. Already there are large numbers of doctors and lawyers, but far more are wanted—far more doctors, anyway! Then there is a great need for educated Africans in the civil service; and engineers of all kinds, and, above all, teachers—well educated, well trained teachers, are the greatest need of all; the future depends on them.

For all our colonies, the agreed target is self-government ultimately within the British Commonwealth. Without the supply of soundly educated Africans for all these professions, the sort of men and women who are the normal product of a good university education, self-government will either be dangerously delayed or, with even greater danger, it will be hastily developed before the time is ripe for it. I think there can be no doubt at all that in West Africa higher education is both wanted and needed.

If my friend Colonel Blimp is reading this, I think he will probably be muttering something about 'natives'—as if he were not a native himself, and proud of it! He will be wondering whether 'natives' are really capable of higher education. Well, Colonel, here is a story which I heard in Sierra Leone. A lecture had been arranged—not, I am sure, by the British Council—and the lecturer took the line that the weight and structure of an African's brain was such that it was quite incapable of being developed by higher education. He thought his audience was wholly European. But when the time for questions came at the end, there rose at the back of the hall a tall, ebony figure, with that wide and winning African smile. It was one of the members of the staff of the old



At Achimota College, Gold Coast: a European giving individual instruction in the Teacher Training Department—

Hong Kong, Ceylon and Jerusalem. Since then Ceylon has become a Dominion, and the University of Jerusalem is a foreign university. But there have been added the University of Malaya, at Singapore, and five university colleges—one in the British West Indies, and four in Africa.

Do you think that it is a waste of our money to try to educate these people? They include the Maltese, the Chinese of Hong Kong, the British West Indians, the Sudanese and all the people of our East and West African colonies. Now, you cannot lump those all together and generalise about them as if they were all alike, because they are very different indeed. So I will narrow my talk to deal with the university colleges of West Africa, of which I happen to have some personal knowledge. One is at Ibadan, about 150 miles inland from Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, and the other at Achimota, a few miles outside Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast colony.

Why then should we provide higher education for these West Africans? Do they want it? Wouldn't they be happier without it? They might be, if you could isolate them; but you cannot. You can protect people up to a point against the mosquito and the tsetse fly, but there is no known prophylactic against ideas. And the *desire* of West Africans for higher education has been obvious for a long time. They are intrepid and inquisitive travellers. Ships have carried them all over the world, and they have come back with the perilous infection of new ideas. And now the aeroplane is a



—and a lesson in human anatomy in the Zoology Laboratory at the same college

and famous missionary college at Fourah Bay. He thanked the lecturer very kindly for his interesting talk and he said, 'You know, it reminded me of what I happened to be reading last night in a volume of Cicero's letters. It was a letter that was written to Cicero by his friend Atticus, the millionaire employer of slave labour, and he says in the letter that of all his slaves the British were the ugliest and the most stupid'. And then he added ingratiatingly, 'How you have come on!' and with that he sat down.

### Enthusiasm for Learning

You may think that story is too good to be true, but here is another, for the truth of which I can myself vouch. A young Nigerian had his first education in a tiny school in a small village east of the Niger. An African judge, friend of the family, helped him to make his way to the Gold Coast where he attended the famous secondary school at Achimota. From there he went to Fourah Bay College in Sierra Leone, where he could take a B.A. degree of Durham University. Then a British Council scholarship carried him to a Scottish University, where he took a very good first in history; and then in London he took a Ph.D. degree for original research in Nigerian History. He is now a lecturer in the History Department of the University College of Nigeria. So you see that, like the British, Africans can 'come on'.

That is a good example, the best I know, but it is not unique. There are other Africans on the staffs of the university colleges—not very many, but I think about ten per cent., and the number is increasing. These Africans are the colleagues of European men and women of high academic qualifications, fit to hold a post on the staff of any university. As a matter of fact, a Cambridge professor has recently been promoted to a chair in the Gold Coast.

For years, West Africans have been coming to the United Kingdom and to the United States, not a few of them, but something much more like a flood, and it is comic, or perhaps pathetic, to see how they will seize on any opportunity and any excuse to travel for training. I heard of a young applicant for a British Council scholarship who was asked at the interview what he wanted to do, and he said at once he wanted to be a bishop. They had to tell him that there was no short course for Episcopacy in this country—at least, not at present—and so, with perfect readiness, he said, 'Very well, then I'll be a chiropodist'.

Far too many of those Africans who come over are immature in character and in intelligence, with inevitably tragic results. The effect of disappointment and ill-health and misunderstanding and frustration is not 'a few, sound British ideas', but a deep-seated disease of bitterness—not of course in all cases, but in far too many. It is infinitely better that the young African who gets higher education should take his first degree in his own country. The fundamental purpose of these university colleges is to help in the production of good citizens of West Africa, people capable of helping to build up a stable civilisation. For West Africans are already beginning to grow their own national culture, and we are trying to help them. We have got to give them the very best we have got, so that they can adapt it for themselves, to their own peculiar needs and tastes and outlook. It is very largely through the influence of these university colleges that advance is being slowly, but I think steadily, made towards self-government through self-development, under our own more experienced guidance.

Perhaps all this sounds just a little bit vague and theoretical. Shall we see how it works out in practice in the colleges in Nigeria and the Gold Coast? A university is a community—that is what the word means. And for any university, in the interest of its common spirit, it is an advantage that it should be, at any rate partially, residential. In West Africa it is *essential* that it should be *wholly* residential, otherwise it would never grow into a genuine community. For there is an astonishing diversity among the student body. Very large numbers of them have no common language except English, and there are wide differences in their social traditions and social habits, even in their food—one student's food is another student's poison, and it is just by living together in collegiate companionship that these wide differences are reconciled in new understanding. From tribesmen they become Africans, or at any rate West Africans, working out a national West African culture.

The same is true of the European members of the staffs of the colleges. It is by living on the same campus with their African colleagues and their African students, that they grow into genuine members of an academic community—they could not do it otherwise. Actually,

I think, the relation of undergraduate to don, with its easy freedom and its powerful indirect influence, is bringing something quite new and very valuable into the common life of the European and the African. I had tea one day with a bachelor professor. He had been a don at Cambridge. Several undergraduates dropped in, I think uninvited—men and women—for there are a few women too in these university colleges. One of them made the tea, another cut the bread, and others wielded jam and butter. We all put our cups on the floor and talked without ceasing. A regular don's tea-party. But never before have young Africans and adult Europeans met in quite the same sort of intimacy—the intimacy that stops short of disrespect and the familiarity that does not breed contempt.

I heard afterwards that one of these students had written an article in which he had maintained that the missionaries who came in the old days to the Gold Coast were not after souls—they were after gold. The professor hurried round to his room. He said, 'I've just read your article—it's most interesting, and, do you know, it's all quite new to me and very important. It ought to be widely known in England as well as here—now, tell me, where did you get your evidence?' Well, of course, he had not got any evidence—no undergraduate ever has—but the point is that the incident ended not in shame and indignation, but in laughter, which West Africans love, and in new friendship. I do not really think anyone in a government post could make quite that approach, nor perhaps a missionary either, unless he was somebody like Schweitzer—and there isn't anybody like Schweitzer. I am stressing the value of this common academic life because I think it is even more important than all the lectures and labs and classes, in the development of graduates who will play a really responsible part in the gradual establishment of self-government within the British Commonwealth. And that, as I say, is the prime business of these university colleges.

What is the difference between a university and a university college? A university college has not got a Charter, so it cannot confer degrees. It is a college which provides what you may call university life, and courses of study for the degrees of London University. In the past, numbers of Africans have taken external degrees at London, and they have had to work on exactly the same syllabus as an English student. It must have been a bit vexatious for a West African to have to study botany out of a book about plants which he had never seen; and in history, it is difficult for a West African to take a really vital interest in Catherine de Medici or the Diet of Worms; and the English prescribed books were often inappropriate and unduly difficult. London University, which has always played a lively and leading part in the development of these colleges, has made a very good new arrangement. It can now admit a colonial college to what is called 'a special relationship', if it is satisfied that the college is fully autonomous, that it has an adequate staff, and that it provides proper conditions for study. Then it becomes a university college, and is eligible for capital grants from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund. The current expenses are met from fees and grants from the local governments.

### 'A Special Relationship'

One great advantage of this special relationship is that professors in the colonies can propose, for the approval of London University, a special syllabus in any subject in which it seems to them desirable; and—a matter of very considerable importance—London shares with the staffs of the university colleges the task of setting and correcting the examination papers. Thus Africans are enabled to take in their own country the first degree of London University in the Faculties of Arts, Science and Medicine. In this way, the staff and the students of the colleges become gradually accustomed to the very high standard of work that is required if you are to take a degree which is of world-wide repute, and no other degree is any good.

In course of time these colleges will grow from university colleges into universities, chartered to give their own degrees—degrees of the same standard and status as those of London or any other great university. By then they will be wholly African universities, devising their own degree courses, staffed wholly, or at any rate predominantly, by Africans, and fulfilling the proper purposes of a university—to preserve, disseminate and increase knowledge; to perform the function of responsible public criticism; to develop in students eager curiosity, a sense of logic and a high standard of integrity, both intellectual and moral. When will that be? I don't know, but to my mind it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and for a host of reasons I hope it will not be very long delayed.—*Third Programme*

# The Stage is Not for Pleasure

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN on the theatre in Berlin

THREE or four years ago, in Berlin, I was talking to a high French official who was concerned with cultural affairs in the city. 'You know', this Frenchman said to me, 'what we have to understand is that in this country, the executive authority of government is really wielded from the stage. This may be an exaggeration, but it is no more. As long as we don't understand this we shan't be able to run this place properly'. And he added: 'Of course, it is all the fault of Schiller, like so many other things around here'. Having made this observation, he proceeded to arrange for the import of large consignments of plays by Sartre, Anouilh, and Giraudoux which he found he couldn't deliver fast enough to German managers and producers.

## Schiller's Opinion

I have often thought how right he was in his estimate. Friedrich Schiller's famous essay on 'The Stage Viewed as a Moral Institution' indeed makes illuminating reading today, especially in passages like this: 'What I call the national spirit of a people is the coincidence and identity of its opinions and inclinations in matters where other nations think and feel differently. But only the stage is able to produce a very large measure of this common agreement. Now', Schiller goes on, 'if all our plays were imbued with one dominating tendency; if all our dramatists were in agreement amongst each other and devoted themselves only to subjects common to the people—in short, if we had a national theatre, we should also be a nation'.

That is what Schiller wrote in 1784, and what my Frenchman had in mind. The writer might easily be Ilya Ehrenburg or Fadeyev or some other propagandist exponent of the new Soviet school of social realism. Especially as further on Schiller says: 'In the same way, if only the heads and guardians of the state would grasp it, the opinions of the nation with regard to its rulers and government could be adjusted and corrected from the stage'. This is familiar doctrine to anyone who has witnessed the fate of the theatre in a totalitarian régime. To the theatre-goer in eastern Berlin it is so commonplace that it hurts. Here, from the boards of the Deutsches Theater and the Kammerspiele, a long series of modern Russian plays like 'Colonel Kusmin' or Simonov's 'The Russian Question' has during the past few years stubbornly tried to 'correct and adjust the opinions of the nation with regard to its rulers' and attempted to convince it of the wickedness of President Truman's Government. The latest addition to this is 'The Karhan Brigade'. This is an activist play by a Czech communist factory worker which, on a stage crowded by Stalin portraits and posters for the Five Year Plan, demonstrates the successful struggle of a team of activists to increase production. A Stalin battle-song rounded it all off, but I wondered how far it was able to adjust the views of a visibly bored audience.

But it is 150 years since Schiller wrote, time enough for Germany thoroughly to misunderstand him. To Schiller the stage was always '*die Bretter, die die Welt bedeuten*'—the boards which symbolise the world. He never assumed for one moment that they could take the place of the world, and he would be horrified to discover that, to a large extent, they do so today.

Take a look at an average German daily newspaper, and you will be astonished to find what an inordinate amount of space is given up to the discussion of theatrical affairs. The ideas and opinions of dramatists, producers, actors, and critics are treated as quite as important as those of Dr. Adenauer, and they are debated much more hotly. Notices of first nights equal in length political leading articles and considerably outweigh them in ponderous thoughtfulness. Whenever there is a theatrical crisis—and there is always one somewhere in Germany—it is publicised as if the world had come to an end. Quite recently, for instance, Gustaf Gruendgens, the prominent German actor-manager, suddenly threw up his post at Duesseldorf, after an administrative quarrel with the local city council. No cabinet crisis at Bonn could have stirred up half as much dust among the public as this theatrical rumpus, and the audience in the Duesseldorf Opera House staged a

demonstration as if it were a parliament protesting against the forced resignation of a popular Prime Minister.

Why is all this? Why cannot the stage in Germany be primarily a place for serious entertainment and intelligent pleasure? Why must the lady invariably be for burning, and more often than not go up in flames? It is, I think, because Germans have come to project on to the stage what can never have a place there, and to expect from the stage what can never come from it.

This tendency is bound to express itself with added sharpness in Berlin. In this cramped and confined city the bothered and plagued citizen lets off steam in the theatre because the police and the military government of his sector will not let him do so in the street. He stages a theatrical demonstration because he may not kick up a row at a public meeting. With the Russians and their German communists always watching across the fence, West Berliners are especially jumpy. Before they know it, city government business is indeed transacted from the stage. I will give you a very recent illustration.

Inevitably, it involves Germany's not very honourable recent past which to Berliners is still a very live issue although western Germany has long forgotten and buried it. In 1933, the Berlin stage was dominated by three outstanding actors—Werner Krauss, Fritz Kortner, and Ernst Deutsch. When Hitler arrived, Kortner and Deutsch, who are of Jewish origin, emigrated to this country and later to America. Krauss, who had all the right grandparents, stayed on and continued his brilliant career. Eventually this led him, a naive and foolishly unthinking man, into taking a very prominent part in Goebbels' film of 'Jew Sues', an acknowledged masterpiece of vicious anti-semitic propaganda about which many Germans are still very sensitive. Werner Krauss had to live down a great deal.

The three men had known each other well in the past, and once Hitler was out of the way all three longed to return to the scene of their former triumphs—the Berlin stage. Things took time to arrange but during the past season all three did in fact return. Fritz Kortner was first and had a truly triumphant come-back in the title part of Arthur Miller's 'Death of a Salesman'. This was one of the best productions of the season, beautifully sustained on a note of dark, dumb fatality. Kortner's admirable restraint, which struck a deliberate contrast to the noisy over-acting which is usual on the German stage, made a deep impression on an audience to most of whom he was a complete stranger. In genuine humility and gratitude the city received him back. Kortner was happy; he was willing to forget the past and start afresh. A keen intellect, expansive, and bursting with energy, he set to work producing Schiller's 'Don Carlos', in which occurs the famous line, 'Sir, grant us freedom of thought!' which Goebbels used to cut because it invariably led to demonstrative applause.

## Return of Werner Krauss

At this point the shadow of Werner Krauss fell across his path. Five years had passed since Hitler, and Krauss felt he had lived down 'Jew Sues'. He had publicly admitted his 'error of judgment' and apologised to Germany's remaining Jews for the horror he had helped to unleash, and a West German denazification tribunal had been delighted to absolve him. With a repertory company from the Vienna Burgtheater, Krauss made a successful tour through the Bonn republic in Ibsen's 'John Gabriel Borkman', and the Mayor of West Berlin invited the company to the former capital. After the Ibsen play Krauss was to appear as Maddoc Thomas in Mr. Emlyn Williams' 'The Light of Heart'.

Well, he never did. An indescribable uproar broke out. Even before the arrival of Krauss, West Berlin's leading theatre critic had warned the city authorities that the population would not stand for it. The Mayor was accused of misjudging the city's temper and of blundering political short-sightedness. Berlin was different, he was told, from the easy-going backwoods of Bonn; it was in the political front-line, and Berliners who resolutely opposed Soviet totalitarianism inside their very city, did not wish to compromise their post-war record by offering

hospitality to a man like Krauss. The invitation must be cancelled. This was the signal for a hailstorm of protests and counter-protests. The city was in convulsion and the Mayor in a quandary. Consulting the theatre critics, the actors' association, the political parties, the chief of police, he came to no conclusion. In the end, Krauss arrived and appeared, but only for two nights. The crowds inside and outside the theatre were out of control, and the police as half-hearted as they were helpless. Stones were thrown, innocents arrested, and the wrong people beaten up; the performance kept being interrupted, and speeches *pro* and *contra* were being made from the stage. Realising what he had started, Krauss called the whole thing off and quietly slipped out of the city. Someone else played Maddoc Thomas.

### A Bid for Popularity

But whether by accident or design, this riot coincided with the opening night of Kortner's 'Don Carlos' in another theatre, and this was a crushing failure. Kortner, the great Jewish actor, sensing that he had to compete with the 'Nazi' Krauss, had overreached himself. Pulling out all the stops, employing every known and unknown device of stagecraft, he had over-produced, and himself, in the part of King Philip of Spain, grossly over-acted. The same prominent critic who had first warned against Krauss, told him so in sober language. The performances were hissed and booed, and among the audience there was a suspicion of a deliberate anti-semitic demonstration. The incorrigible Nazi elements who had been denied their Werner Krauss, were now, it seemed, hounding Kortner out of town for the second time. That is at least what Kortner felt. Broken-hearted he gave up and left for Paris.

A few weeks later, when tempers had calmed down, Ernst Deutsch quietly came to town. You may remember him as the down-at-heel Austrian baron in Carol Reed's 'Third Man'. He produced nothing, he took no leading part. He played the role of Robespierre in Buechner's 'Death of Danton' which consists of one single speech. The production was indifferent, but the audience sat agape with wonderment. They had never seen anything like it.

But let me, in conclusion, return once more to the Russian part of the city. This is still comparatively easy for the foreign visitor, but difficult for the average Berlin theatre enthusiast. There is no exchange of newspapers or even play-bills. Only by devious means can an East Berliner discover that plays by T. S. Eliot, Christopher Fry, Sartre, Anouilh, Giraudoux, Lorca, Elmer Rice, Saroyan are freely to be seen in the western parts of his city, on the whole in very creditable productions. Indeed, the American comedy 'Born Yesterday' by Garson Kanin, which a Soviet sector theatre was rehearsing as part of their anti-Wall Street campaign, was snatched away by a West Berlin producer, complete with the leading actor, and turned into a roaring success before the other side knew what had happened. Similarly, a West Berliner would receive no guidance from his theatre critics as to what is worth a visit to the East, where among some Ibsen, Shaw and Molière, the great Russian school of the naturalist drama, especially Ostrovsky, is being revived with dogged persistence and much success. Ostrovsky's 'Wolves and Sheep', a charming and witty play, which I thought exquisitely produced, has been running there for over two years.

But the centre of the stage in the Soviet sector of Berlin is undisputedly held by Bert Brecht. This outstandingly gifted playwright and producer is the communists' greatest asset, and as he is a whimsical and obstinate man, who every once in a while lays down his own party line, he is handled with great care by the powers, German and Russian, and concessions are made to him which no one else enjoys. Sometimes he delivers the goods, sometimes he doesn't. For instance when he revived his dramatisation of Gorky's 'The Mother', two months ago, it was exactly what President Pieck had ordered. I have rarely been so bored and so excited at the same time. German Marxist party teaching of the pre-Hitler 'twenties was dispensed in tidy, primitive little parables, and was as dead as the Weimar Republic. But the production was—as someone remarked—1955. In its neatness and faultless discipline, its perfect command of stagecraft and its bold and yet assured use of new devices, it was sheer delight. Here, I felt, a point had been reached which the rest of the German stage was as yet nowhere near approaching.

Yet, within a few weeks the same Bert Brecht became the centre of a theatrical storm which is all the more intriguing as it took place behind closed doors. The cause was Brecht's new opera, 'The Trial of Lucullus'. Originally written in 1932 as a play for broadcasting, it has now been set to music by Paul Dessau, a modern, highly versatile and inventive composer who also wrote the music for Brecht's 'Mother

Courage'. Lucullus, the great war lord, is dead, and at the cross-roads between Hades and Elysium he is called upon, by a tribunal of shadows, to justify his life and deeds. Upon their verdict it will depend to which of the two realms of after-life he will be sent. Lucullus fails miserably. All his great warlike exploits count for nothing; one after another the poor, the downtrodden, the slaves and victims of war rise to testify against him as he summons back the great heroic episodes of his life. Nothing avails. He is pronounced guilty. It is an uncompromisingly pacifist story told with gripping dramatic force and, so I am told, supported by music of great power and beauty.

I am told—I have not seen it. Very few people have seen it. And no more, it seems, are going to see it. This is what happened, a week or two ago, at the Berlin State Opera House in the Russian sector. Weeks of rehearsals had gone into the production, the most outstanding singers had been assembled, the famous Hermann Scherchen called specially from Switzerland to conduct it. But as rehearsals proceeded, someone high up in the party hierarchy suddenly seems to have had doubts. The Moscow party line for the 'warriors for peace' was not, it seemed, very clearly discernible in the opera; in fact it did not seem to be in it at all. Unconditional pacifism was not what Ambassador Pushkin had ordered. Brecht had gone too far.

But it was too late to call the whole thing off. The opening night took place, in the presence of President Pieck and Party Secretary Ulbricht, but the press, western and eastern, was not invited, and no tickets were sold to the public. Instead they were distributed free to selected groups of the communist youth movement, the trades unions and other reliable organisations with orders to hiss and boo the opera off the stage. That, it was apparently thought, would teach the self-assured Brecht a lesson. Some of the youngsters, however, were found ready to sell their tickets to some of the uninvited but professionally interested, and that is how the next morning all Berlin learned of the scandal. 'The Trial of Lucullus' became an overwhelming success. A few hisses and boos who remembered their instructions did as they were told, but the rest of the audience, completely carried away by what seems to have been a magnificent production, forgot all about them, and drowned the timid protests in storms of applause. President Pieck rose and indignantly left his box, while below on the stage, in front of the curtain, Brecht and Dessau embraced and kissed each other. For over half an hour the audience refused to go home.

Next day it was announced that no further performances of 'Lucullus' would be given. For a full week the communist-controlled press completely ignored the incident. Then the official party organ *Neues Deutschland*, in an unsigned notice, declared the opera a no doubt well-intentioned experiment which unfortunately had failed. It was out of touch with present-day reality, formalistic, and set in an atmosphere not calculated to encourage the constructive optimism of the working population. Author and composer were advised to think again and recognise their error. Of the triumphal reception both had had from a predominantly communist audience, not a word.

Will Bert Brecht think again? Or will he stand by his own dramatic teaching that 'the first purpose of the theatre is to entertain, and to entertain pleasurably'? And if he does, where does he go from here? That is what Berliners, east and west, are burning to know.

—Third Programme

## The Eloquent Sea

What eloquent material the sea offers up,  
In tones of bell and bone: to be more precise,  
Crab's claw, flowers on earthenware returning spring;  
But always on the sea's own terms, no compromise  
With women's prayers, sailor's unlucky Friday.  
Sea being from ever a greedy, natural grave,  
Makes no difference between human possibilities  
And certain rock. Whatever men may save  
From drowning—freedom to drown again or dry, dull safety,  
Is given only grudgingly; water drags back  
Flesh or wood; of equal importance are beached lives  
And bright wet stone thrown high and home on dark seawrack.

Experience is tell-tale of all loss?—Not all:  
Unknown bird in passage sees what no man knows,  
None being returned,—a speck in middle waste of ocean,  
Alone the improbable last hand go down that never rose.

KENNETH GEE

# Changing Calabria

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

ANY morning early, that is at about four or five o'clock, go to any railway junction south or west of Naples in the migratory season. You will see there men sleeping on the floor, in the porches and the halls, surrounded by packages wrapped in paper or oilcloth or sacking. These sleeping figures are the sons of country folk on their way to make their fortune in the world, the first step being to some big city in northern Italy. Each has collected, in these packages, whatever he can—olives, or beans, or fruit, or fowl—



Street scene in San Lorenzo Bellizzi, Calabria: the woman in the foreground right is preparing red pepper for drying

and with the money he will get for them he will buy umbrellas, ties, basques, handkerchiefs, and presently appear in the streets as a licensed hawker. He may have no more to sell than a few postcards or a leaky fountain-pen, and if he approaches you secretively in Naples or Milan or Rome it means that he has not even enough money to pay for his hawker's licence.

These travelling pedlars are the surplus of the south, moving always northward, making the populated towns still more populous, diluting the moral and cultural quality of the north, its perpetually renewed *Lumpenproletariat*. When they prosper, as they sometimes do, they edge out somebody of an older stock. 'Ah!' an old-time business-man once sighed to me in Milan. 'In my boyhood Milan was still the Milan of Stendhal. We were proud of our city, proud of its traditions, of its architecture, its culture. Now it is not the same. We are not the same people'. Whenever I have seen those poor migrants sleeping among their parcels I have thought of the end of 'The Scholar Gypsy', about the grave Tyrian trader who

... saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine;  
And knew the intruders on his ancient home...

But these intruders from Calabria, and Lucania, or Apulia might well cry: 'Where else are we to go? How else are we to live?' It would be foolish for us to reply,

'Why can't you stay on the land?' It would be foolish because almost exactly half of the workers of Italy are already on the land. They work hard. The amount of land in Italy that is tilled is about the fourth highest in Europe: forty-two per cent. of the total surface, which includes rock, rivers, towns, barren soil, everything. The Italians work as hard as that because they have to. There are too many Italians in Italy.

It is not surprising that Italians bitterly resent being deprived of colonies, especially by races who have carved up Africa between themselves. 'The joke of it is', an Italian said to me, 'that it is the British and the French who first encouraged us to get into Africa. You see, when the Suez Canal was opened and made the Mediterranean a modern ocean, the Rubatino Shipping Company in Genoa built a port at Assab and then sold it to our Government. The British raised no objection then: they were watching French influences at that time. That was the period when we took Massowa and had dreams of taking all Ethiopia. But we were a young, raw country and our army was raw, and we were whacked, much as Gordon was whacked by the Mahdi in the Sudan. However, we managed to hang on to Eritrea. In 1882 when the British proposed to annex Egypt they asked us to collaborate. We said, "No, thank you". We'd had our medicine. Why did we go freely into Libya? Because the French wanted to go into Morocco and could not object to our going into Libya. Nobody minded, then. But now? We are all for morality nowadays!'

That conversation took place in the Arcade in Naples. As he talked I watched a boy sidling between the tables trying to sell a (so-called) Parker 51 pen. Afterwards I went off and bought the history-book they use in the schools. It more or less teaches the same narrative. And there were population figures in it: 22,000,000 Italians in Italy in 1861; after the last war, 45,000,000. That is why Naples is so poor, and Calabria is so poor. Though the real horror of Naples is that, after wandering around for a few days among the foul stews of Santa Chiara or the miserable lanes about Pizzofalcone, blinded by pity, the heart begins to put on an epidermis and one ends by finding it all, in sheer self-defence or in sheer despair or in sheer cowardice, beautifully, hope-



Calabrian woman taking a mule to fetch water from a fountain a mile away from the village of San Lorenzo Bellizzi

lessly picturesque. 'And anyway', one shrugs, 'there's nothing anybody can do about it'.

I suppose it is only the Americans, with their youthful self-assurance, their young confidence that there is nothing that cannot be solved, who would have dared to breeze in on this problem. For the last year and a half they have been pouring millions upon millions of lire into the south, where the rot starts: money to reclaim the land, that is to get it ploughed three feet deep where for centuries it had been merely hoed three centimetres down by oxen and old wooden ploughshares; money to get it manured, irrigated, planted, cleared; all the time tactfully pressing and pressing the Italian Government to force the landowners to sell out the land to the land-starved peasantry who can cultivate it intensively. Because five per cent. of the landlords have been in possession of fifty per cent. of the land.

### Degeneration of Crotone

For the moment the centre of this immense social change is Crotone, some 350 miles south-west of Naples, on the other side of Italy, on the Ionian Sea. This Crotone of New Calabria has changed mightily since Norman Douglas gave such an appealing picture of it some thirty-five years ago in *Old Calabria*. Then, it was a pleasant little seaport of some 8,000 people, where, of a summer evening, he could stroll sedately along the Boulevard Margherita to view what he called 'the rank and fashion' emerging from their palaces. He could dine to his entire satisfaction, and sit afterwards in the open at a marble-topped table alternating good Neapolitan cigars with the 'excellent' ices of Crotone, and then round off a heavy day with a bottle of *vino de Giro*—'purest nectar'. Alas, 'rank and fashion' indeed! The place now smells of hay, guano and petrol, having quadrupled its population in twenty years, thanks to the arrival of electric power. The main piazza is black all day long with idlers. One has to crush into a crowded bar to have—one can hardly say to enjoy—a coffee or a drink. Buildings have gone up with a rush in that phoney style of pompous architecture that consists of thin sheets of fake marble pasted on mass-concrete, and all of it plastered over with peeling posters. The Italians aptly call this new Crotone *le far ouest*. There are still palaces up on the hill and three *barones* in the telephone directory, but when I went up there to call on one of them I realised for about the hundredth time that *palazzo* in the south of Italy is in nine cases out of ten Italian for a tenement. The *barone* was not there. I do not think he had been there for years. His land agent was not there. There was nothing of the least interest there except a broken-down car, a rickety perambulator sheltering under a noble archway, and the usual fruity smell.

I suppose the landowners—the aristocracy of the south is mainly what we call 'county'—would blame industry for this vulgarisation of a once pleasant town. But that is not what is responsible for the look of Crotone today. It is more like a boy who has shot up so suddenly that he has outgrown his clothes and his strength. After all, no town can grow faster than its customers. The strength of a town depends on its hinterland and the unpleasing nature of the change that has come over Crotone is a symptom of the neglect of the hinterland by the landowners. If they had developed the land of Calabria, its towns would have kept natural pace with the prosperity of the country.

As for the countryside itself, remember those extraordinary feats of endurance by which Norman Douglas explored the Greek Sila and the Great Sila plateau, on foot, by rude mountain paths, even trudging the dry beds of rivers, or jogging along hour after hour in the hot cicada-humming sunshine, or through the moonlight in old country carts. He could explore Calabria a bit more comfortably today: there are more roads—though not so many more. But otherwise he would for the moment see very few changes. That extraordinary plateau of the Great Sila, dome after dome of yellow clay, wrinkled by time and blasted by winds, eroded by flood waters, is still as bare as the mountains of the moon. San Giovanni in Fiore is still just as dirty, and just as crowded, a rural slum. Santa Severina is just as picturesque, and as suppurating with humanity.

In any other, normal countryside, as one drives through it by night, one is constantly cheered by the lighted windows of a farmhouse. Here it is like driving through a country in a blackout; except that one knows that the fact is that there are no lights because there are no houses at all. In the winter, when the thunderstorms and the rains sweep over this plateau, it is equally desolate by day—desolate, and, somehow, magnificent. One Italian writer has described it as *ferocemente bello*, 'fiercely' beautiful in its nakedness and poverty: for outside those rocky molars of gneiss or granite, like Strongole

or Santa Severina, that toss a village to the clouds and doubly darken the night sky, there is nothing civil—no roads, no schools, no light, no inns, no telephone, hardly a shrub, not enough drinking-water. You know those long, aluminium painted tanks on railway trucks, marked *Aqua Potabile*, which one sees as far north as Rome and as far south as Ottranto or Reggio Calabria: they correspond to the old Roman aqueducts. They are aqueducts on wheels. Without them Calabria would die of thirst or typhoid. When one sees here a peasant on mule-back with a little keg on the pommel it may contain wine, but it is just as likely to contain cold water.

In the high summer, the Great Sila is at its best. Then the bare Ethiopian beauty of his land creeps slowly into one's senses, like its own peculiar animal smell; less a smell than a scent; and yet not a scent, either; something more like a musk, as if vegetation were rotting. Douglas attributed it to the smell of the dried *cistus* plant. To live here for a little while must be like falling in love with the desert. In the summer one thinks of some of the more deserted reaches of the Mississippi. The distant villages peaked against white clouds. The lonely river trickling over the hot gravel. And one will not have met a soul for an hour, except, perhaps, a shepherd-boy lying on the ground in the middle of his lean flock. But the best—indeed, the only effective—way to explore this part of Calabria is in a jeep, plunging and tearing through the *macchia*, up and down in the drying mud, a trackless place. I shall never forget the enthusiasm of the young engineer who drove me here, to see how they had cleared the land hectare by hectare, and the good land they had uncovered, as he pointed to the long wood on our left flank, the Barone Gaulucci's hunting preserve, and said, '*Quello bosco è stupendoso!*' A hunting preserve is the only kind of wood one does come across all the way from Sosenza to Crotone, apart from a couple of fine government plantations.

### Land Reclamation and Distribution

But, still, there are some changes, promises of the many which are coming, and if any traveller of another generation wishes to see this Calabria as it was in his day—which is to say as it has been for centuries—he will need to come quickly. He will find the Neto banked up in concrete; he will find irrigation ditches are being dug; he will find great new roads cut through the wilderness; he will find the *macchia* is being cleared hectare by hectare, the land is being churned up by teams of Fiat tractors; plot by plot being handed over to the peasants. And, if he goes to Rome, he can examine the blueprints of farmhouses, even of little clusters of hamlets, like Swiss chalets, that in three years will begin to scatter life over the desert. If war does not come to put a stop to it all, in three years the Great Sila plateau will be divided and planted and begin to pay 'under new management'—I mean under a new breed of small peasant proprietors. But it will take ten years before the whole proposed scheme of land-reclamation and land-division is finally accomplished.

I believe that, if there is not a war, all this will happen, but not many people really believe it except the Italian engineers and land-experts, men like Dr. Cagliotti of Rome University, one of the chief advisers to the Government on land reform, and men like Rossi Doria of Naples, and Buri, and Caputi, and their scores of assistants and colleagues, who are literally killing themselves to get the thing through: and the Americans. They all have the slightly dotty look of idealists. As for the peasants, they hope. The Fascist old-guard believe that if it does happen it will fail like every other scheme of its kind, and that in the end it will all fall back into the hands of the old landowners like a ripe apple from a tree.

What is the effect of all this on the politics of the peasants? I asked a man near Petilia Policastro, where there were riots last autumn and peasants were shot for seizing land: 'Do you really believe in communism?' At first he turned up the back of his hand and waggled it—the Italian gesture for 'So-so' or 'This way and that way'; but after a while he came clean. He said: 'No, I do not believe in communism—but it is necessary'. Meaning that he was glad of communist pressure on the Government; by which he implied that if only somebody gave him land—and he did not care who—his interest in politics would cease.

If it all does go through it will change the whole face of southern Italy, and affect even northern Italy. Industrial towns, perhaps even industrial cities, will rise up. But it will take a long, long time. Obviously, you cannot have industries until you have markets, and you cannot have markets until you have people with money to spend in them.—*Third Programme*

## Studies in Social Change

## How Many Can Climb the Social Ladder?

By DAVID GLASS

IT is not surprising that accounts of men who rose from rags to riches are popular with biographers. Such stories offer the individual a prospect and an incentive. But they also have a meaning for society. They give some indication of the way in which talent is recruited to positions of prestige and authority—in which leadership is changed by relatively peaceful means. Our society is hierarchic and any hierarchic system contains the possibilities of social conflict. But those possibilities may be lessened if the position of the individual within the hierarchy is determined by his capacities and not by his social origins. At the same time, we can only ensure social efficiency, in the long run, by providing free entry to the various layers of society. So the question of social mobility—that is, of the opportunity which an individual has of entering any one of the levels of the social hierarchy—is of primary importance to society.

## Limitations of the Historian

This being so, it is remarkable that the problem of social mobility has received so little systematic study in Britain. Economic historians have always been concerned with some aspects of social mobility—particularly the development of social classes and the changing role of those classes in throwing up new groups of leaders. And while the historians deal with only a part of the problem, they do give us a picture of the long history of social mobility. Even in the highly structured Spanish society of the period of Phillip II there was movement—especially by marriage—into the ranks of the grandees, and in the seventeenth century the Spanish state was so much concerned over depopulation that it deliberately promoted men with large families regardless of their origins. In England there is a continuous thread of upward movement from St. Godric of Finchale, the Lincolnshire boy who made good in the mercantile and urban upsurge of the eleventh century, to those men who became the iron-masters of the Industrial Revolution. Such upward movement is both a product and a cause of changes in economic and social techniques. The altered rhythm of development in, say, Elizabethan times, or in the early nineteenth century, cannot be understood without reference to the rise of new men and the emergence of new bases of prestige.

But historical studies have one major limitation. In presenting a bird's-eye view of changes in social promotion, their bird tends to fly among the upper strata and to look at the men who arrive there. This is perhaps inevitable, for the unhonoured and unsung leave no documents. Sociologists, on the other hand, must take a wider view. To look only at those who arrive at the top may tend to exaggerate the extent of social mobility. If, to take a concrete example, the University Grants Committee reports that more than sixty per cent. of full-time undergraduates in British universities had begun their education in public elementary schools, this may seem a very large proportion if you are simply looking at the number of students in universities. But if you are comparing the numbers of elementary school pupils who get to universities with the total number who went through those schools, the result may seem very small beer.

This difference between the sociologist's and the historian's approach may help to explain why sociological investigations of social mobility have been both infrequent and unsystematic. For one thing, studies which attempt to look at both sides of the equation cannot be built on the sort of statistics now available. They require new inquiries based on the life histories of samples of individuals. Such inquiries are very costly. There is also the time problem. The historian may deal, at his pleasure, with the elites in the later Roman Empire or with the urban oligarchies in fifteenth-century England. But to look at the underside of recent or contemporary social processes has sometimes been regarded as something not quite respectable. A statement implying a disparity between ability and opportunity, or suggesting that working-class children have disproportionately poor prospects of getting a university education had a pretty fair chance of starting an extended argument—at least that was true in the nineteen-thirties. And since in the past the facts of social promotion have not been systematically documented,

such arguments have tended to generate more heat than light.

I should like to say a little more about one of the difficulties involved in studying social mobility—that is the question of defining what we mean by the term. This may seem rather academic. But in reality, our views of the fluidity or rigidity of social structure will depend to a considerable extent upon what we think we are trying to measure. Nowadays, most studies deal with movement between groups of occupations ranked at different levels of prestige. For example, the occupations with the highest social prestige are the professional and the high administrative categories, while the unskilled manual categories have the lowest social prestige. Whether that kind of prestige rating is socially justifiable is another question. I should also add that most studies have dealt with men, since there are somewhat different problems involved in allocating women to a prestige hierarchy.

If we have an occupational classification of this kind, and if we also have sufficient information for a sample of men, we can compare the prestige levels of the occupations of the men with those of their fathers. Suppose we have, say, five prestige groups, with number one as the highest. We can then see what proportion of the men now in group one are the sons of fathers who were themselves in this or any lower group. In the same way we can see what proportion of men whose fathers were in group one are now themselves in groups with a lower social prestige—that is, we can measure upward and downward movement in the prestige hierarchy. Such measurements have been used in past investigations—for example, in Professor Ginsberg's pioneer studies. But to measure social mobility in this way involves an oversimplification. It assumes that the proportion of the population in each prestige group has remained unchanged between the two generations which are being compared. But this has not been the case in Britain during the past century. The proportions of men employed in, say, the professions or other high prestige occupations, have increased. This means that part of the upward mobility measured in this way would be due to community rather than to individual movement. That is, there might be signs of upward movement between the two generations partly because there are now relatively more high prestige occupations available than there were a generation ago.

## Measuring Individual Movement

So we must approach the problem in a slightly different way if we wish to measure individual movement. The first thing we have to do is to define full or complete social mobility, so as to have a yardstick with which actual findings may be compared. I think sociologists would agree that there is complete social mobility if the chances that an individual may find his way into any particular prestige group are independent of his social origins. Let me put that in concrete terms. Suppose, for the sake of this discussion, that one-tenth of the men alive now are the sons of labourers. Then, if there had been complete social mobility, we should expect to find that one-tenth of the men in each prestige group are sons of labourers. The sons of labourers would then have percolated evenly into each group. But if we find that among the present labourers, more than one-tenth are themselves the sons of labourers, mobility will have been incomplete—the sons will have tended to stay in the same group as their fathers. And we may draw the same inference if we find that among the present professional men today—the group with the highest prestige—less than one-tenth are the sons of labourers. That would imply that the top group was not readily open to the sons of fathers from lower groups. This analysis may be applied to all men alive today, treated as a single group. Or we may consider separately the position for men born in successive periods. If we do the latter, we can see how far social mobility has changed in, say, the last sixty or seventy years.

I must emphasise that such an index makes no attempt to explain why there is high or low social mobility—whether it is due to differences in educational opportunities or whether it is also associated with the way in which intelligence or any other attribute is distributed in the social hierarchy. Those questions would need supplementary analysis.

The sole purpose of the index is to provide an objective measure of social mobility—and that is an essential first step in the discussion of how far society makes effective use of its members. Incidentally, I ought to mention another complicating factor—differences in family size at the different levels of society. I do not want to go into that question here, but it may be rather important. As you can see, if professional men have fewer children than labourers, then a certain amount of upward social movement may take place simply to maintain the proportions of men in the various prestige groups. And here again that upward movement would be due to changes in the make-up of the community and not to any deliberate action by society to encourage mobility.

### The New Prestige

But I must return to the previous point. If we define social mobility in the way I have suggested and if we apply this definition to the social and economic history of England during the past century, it may perhaps upset some generally accepted beliefs. We know there has been an increase in the proportion of occupations which carry relatively high social prestige—what are generally called middle-class occupations. If under the definition I have suggested, we allow for that, are we likely to find any marked increase in social mobility over the period, say, from 1860 to 1920? Personally, I rather doubt it. But since we do not yet have the facts, my view is necessarily tentative. And I must put forward the reasons for that view.

First, increasing urbanisation and commercial activity, combined with the decreasing importance of the kinship group, have meant that the social prestige of the individual today depends less than it used to on what is known about his family background and lineage. We now tend to judge social prestige far more in terms of education and job. This kind of change might seem to favour social mobility. But whether it does in fact, depends upon what kind of education is associated with jobs carrying the highest prestige, and how far that kind of education is freely open to boys from all sections of our society.

It is clear that, over the last hundred years, the professions—the jobs with the highest prestige—have raised the level of qualifications needed for admission. That is not surprising. Professional organisations have pushed up the educational requirements to increase the competence and the prestige of their members. Over a wide range of professions, a university education or a long specialised training has come to be regarded as an essential background. But at the same time, though there have been very great developments in state education during the last hundred years, the changes—at least until after the first world war—were not of a kind to make university or equivalent education freely available.

We must again remember to look at both sides of the picture. There is no doubt that the percentage of children of manual workers reaching the universities must have increased very markedly during the past fifty years. But even so the percentage would be small compared to the total numbers of children of manual workers. Indeed, looked at in that way, even the movement to the secondary schools in the nineteen-thirties was by no means startling. For although children who had come from elementary schools formed about eighty per cent. of the pupils of grant-aided secondary schools, looking at it the other way round, it is doubtful if more than sixteen in every hundred elementary schoolchildren were able to get to a secondary school. In all, therefore, I believe that before the last war, recruitment to the professions (which increasingly demanded a university education) continued to be in the main from boys whose fathers were in occupations equivalent to the professions in prestige and income level. At the same time I doubt if social mobility increased in the fields of commerce and industry. Indeed, it is possible that the introduction of joint stock enterprise and the growth in the size of the industrial unit may even have lowered social mobility as compared with the position at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The gradual entry of university graduates into executive and administrative posts in industry may also have tended in that direction.

I am not, however, trying to establish a position, and I could not do so on the basis of the available knowledge. The point I am pressing is that, because of the importance of the problem, and just because we know so little, research is very much wanted here. This is especially so because of the recent changes in our educational system. The passing of the 1944 Education Act, with its twin aims of equality of opportunity and diversity of education, makes it all the more necessary to have exact knowledge of the effects of this new development in social policy.

But that is only the first stage. It would be a great mistake to imagine that a knowledge of what is happening to men and women who have come from differing environments is all that is required. We need to know why it is happening—that is, how far differences in mobility are due to differences in opportunity, in intelligence, and in aspiration. Take the question of intelligence, for example. It is well known that individuals with the same level of Intelligence Quotient may have widely different levels of achievement. The work of Professor Terman and his colleagues among gifted children has shown that this is true in the United States—that temperament and aspiration are important determinants, and that level of aspiration is in turn influenced by home and family background. A very interesting study now being carried out in Scotland may help to throw even more light on these questions, since it is following the careers of a random sample of children.

We also need to know the effects on individuals and society of the existing distribution and forms of opportunity. If the chances of upward movement are limited, what kinds of individuals do move up—what qualities do they possess and what defects? And what are the penalties, for the individual and for the community, which result from the way in which upward movement is achieved? It may be right for society to expect individuals to make sacrifices if they want to climb the ladder. But perhaps such individual sacrifices may also entail serious social problems. Is it the case, for example, as has sometimes been suggested, that in our society climbing the social ladder compels those who do reach the top to have smaller families and thus sterilises the most able and enterprising members of the community? How is the kinship group—including the immediate family—affected by the existing process of social mobility? Do country boys leave their villages not only to look for better economic opportunities, but also because it is only in an urban world, in which prestige judgments are based on more impersonal qualities, that they can hope for a higher status? And, on the other side, what sacrifices do people make to avoid falling in the prestige scale, and what personal and social conflicts arise when individuals are compelled to accept roles which are below their social expectations? The experience of the academic proletariat in Germany in the nineteen-thirties should persuade us to keep this problem in mind.

When we study such questions, we should also think about other ways in which social mobility may be achieved. So far I have been discussing only the movement of individuals, as if the social background against which they move is not itself capable of manipulation. But society itself may, either consciously or unconsciously, influence the social prestige of groups of occupations relative to each other. For instance, there is little doubt that the position of elementary school-teachers has been powerfully influenced by social policy. At the same time a knowledge of the movements in the prestige of occupations may be vital if educational and employment policy are to be effective in meeting the changing needs of society.

These are all questions of direct practical relevance. But on the theoretical side they are no less important. To the sociologist, the study of social mobility is an essential part of his subject—for it is, after all, the study of process and change in society.—*Third Programme*

## A Desert Cure

Now is the time to take and know them—words—go with them  
All the way, till the gasping tram sinks to its knees  
In the open desert, devoid of palm-tree, or mirage, for refuge—  
Only the dry donkey to receive you, and the stinging dust.

Or trap them in the stony customs shed: rap their dishonest hands  
That slide towards false papers, or proffer folded notes in covered  
currencies.  
Do not spare: for elsewhere they would tear you:  
Barbs in an enemy's watching mouth, claws on a friend's blind tongue,  
The morning snake that creeps beneath the door.

Why is truth naked? Look at the long robes, sacred  
Caftan and gallabieh, English suiting, committee-man in ties and  
devil's tails.  
Lies dress the best. Leave them to die there—words—  
On the verge of meaning, or purge in the open desert:  
Shaken by the silent wind, shattered by the speechless sand.

D. J. ENRIGHT

## Contemporary Movements in Theology

## Where the Churches Meet

By the Rev. OLIVER TOMKINS

THE previous talks in this series\* have been about various trends in modern theology, both in this country and abroad. In this final talk, I must try to say something about what has happened in theology at the place where the contemporary trends come into contact with one another. For that is the meaning of the 'ecumenical movement'. It is essentially a meeting-place, and for that reason something of a paradox, which may be expressed as being a unity because it is the meeting-place of diversities and a movement because the resultant impact makes the diverse forces change direction. What are the forces which converge? What is it that consequently moves in a new direction and what is that direction? These—in terms of contemporary theology—are the questions I must try to answer.

## Two Main Ingredients

First, we may glance at the history of this movement. What is now the World Council of Churches had two main ingredients—first an application of Christian theology to problems raised by society and international affairs, in the 'Life and Work' movement; secondly, the theological analysis of the position taken corporately by the various Churches with a view to discovering how far the divisions between them could be healed—this was the 'Faith and Order' movement. To begin with—for example in the nineteen-twenties—each had its own distinct ethos.

The 'Life and Work' movement was, then, predominantly (in a certain sense) anti-theological, which is, of course, itself a theological attitude. It is well expressed in a slogan current at the time of the Stockholm Conference in 1926: 'Doctrine divides; service unites'. This is not in the least to say that those who took part in the conference had not each their own clear and definite theology, but they did not suppose that their theological differences would seriously affect their task of 'applying the principles of the Gospel to the conditions of modern life', as they put it. They took it for granted that there were certain agreed Christian principles which they all held; the problem was to apply these principles to industry, education, international affairs and so forth. They also seemed to assume that these principles had only to be sufficiently clearly enunciated and devotedly exemplified for all men to see their value and to accept them. At this date it is easy enough to see that they were, in this, somewhat the children of their age: the age of the League of Nations, the age of idealism in world affairs, in which President Wilson's Fourteen Points were accepted as Christianity translated into international politics. But it is a foolish presumption of being wiser than our fathers to suppose that they were not contending for something which we still believe to be true. Christians have got something in common with each other which they can take for granted and it is something which is relevant to all mankind—though we have to dig deeper if we are to see what it is.

Meanwhile, the 'Faith and Order' movement met at Lausanne in 1927 to seek the unity of the Church. Here the differences in theology were, in the nature of the case, more prominent simply because it was in order first of all to expose those differences that the conference had met, and then to go on to see how far they could be overcome. Four main traditions in theology were made explicit in 'Faith and Order' as they had been implicit at Stockholm. First, there was the typical British theology so well expounded in the first of these talks by Canon Raven—the theology of William Temple, Charles Gore, Arthur Headlam, C. H. Dodd and Oliver Quick; a theology with a strong core of biblical scholarship, a sense of historic continuity from the undivided Church and a continuous, though sometimes costly, reformulation and experimentation to keep it in relation to the successive changes of modern thought and to the data of scientific discovery.

Secondly, there was what both British and Americans referred to as 'continental theology'. In some ways, it is absurd to lump together the often conflicting theology of Lutherans and Calvinists and the

civil war which divided both of them as a result of the work of the great nineteenth-century German liberals. But, seen from outside at least, 'continental theology' had a distinctive character. As compared with either British or American, it was more subtle, more speculative—or, as we should probably have called it, more far-fetched and remote from daily life—and indeed rather too solemn and portentous. But we were left feeling, when German theologians thundered about the Word of God and the Wholly Other, that they were talking about something important. It was clear, too, that serious struggles of thought were taking place in men like Adolf Deissmann, Karl Ludwig-Schmidt and Martin Dibelius.

Thirdly, there were the Americans. We British assumed that we stood mid-way between the academic profundities of the Continentals and the vigorous practicalness of the Americans, their 'activism'. Theology was useful for getting things done: they were impatient of endless scholastic definition; the purpose of discussion is to arrive at decisions; to bring about speedy church-union, to change the social order and to establish international peace. There was, indeed, a truly prophetic fire of impatience in men like Charles Brent and William Adams Brown which burns still when their speeches are read.

Fourthly—but somewhat faintly—there were the Eastern Orthodox. These representatives of a venerable Christian tradition separated from the west for nearly a thousand years, were a puzzle and a stimulus to the majority. They themselves felt in an alien atmosphere and for the most part did not so much enter into the discussion as repeat and expound the distinctive tradition of their Church, putting it on record as a total system of Christian dogma, tradition and cultural forms with which the rest of Christendom must reckon. Occasionally, among the exiles from Russia, like Berdyaev and Bulgakov, was heard a voice which had to be heeded more seriously as expressing a profound eastern mind grappling with the problems of the west. Apart from these four, stood Rome as a careful spectator, explaining in such statements as the Encyclical *Mortalium Animos* in 1928, why she was outside the organised movement and why she watched it with interest.

## Impact of Politics

Upon this conversation burst the interruption of Hitler and the awareness that something which happened in Russia in 1917 was still having consequences. 'Life and Work' at Oxford in 1937 grappled with the meaning of 'Church, Community and State', and 'Faith and Order' at Edinburgh sent a message of sympathy to the Germans who had been forbidden to come. I do not want to over-emphasise the effect of events upon theology, but one does not need to be a Marxist to recognise that there is a close connection. All I want to bring out is that those who were discussing political and economic questions found that they were ultimately talking theology and those who were discussing doctrinal differences found that they were being affected by politics. The volumes of essays which were gathered together under the leadership of Dr. J. H. Oldham in preparation for the Oxford Conference no longer assumed common Christian principles which had to be applied, but dug down to the theological foundations of such concepts as 'the state'; race and 'folk', justice, education and indeed the nature of man himself. Things which we had assumed all men took for granted were being challenged and denied: Christians had to start at the very beginning to rediscover the declared will of God for the nature of man and his human institutions. At the same time, the theologians who had been analysing and tabulating the differences between the various Christian traditions saw more clearly than ever that all the questions came back to one question, the fundamental nature of the Church in God's purpose, both in itself and in relation to the rest of creation.

The war years, which followed, intensified these realisations. As the accepted institutions of western civilisation were overthrown, as new standards of truth and of conduct were proclaimed, as the Church was persecuted and the Jews were massacred, Christians in all Europe were

(continued on page 545)

# NEWS DIARY

March 28-April 3

## Wednesday, March 28

Mr. Gromyko puts forward revised version of Soviet draft agenda for four-power conference

President Auriol arrives in Washington

Mr. Nehru criticises resolution on Kashmir submitted to Security Council

## Thursday, March 29

Minister of Agriculture announces increased farm prices

President Auriol assures President Truman of the French will to resist aggression

U.N. forces advance north of Seoul

## Friday, March 30

Chinese counter-attack in force north of Seoul

Western representatives at Paris discuss Mr. Gromyko's new proposals

Security Council adopts Anglo-American proposals for a settlement in Kashmir

End of unofficial strike of coal teemers in north-east coast ports

## Saturday, March 31

Treasury returns show a surplus of £247,000,000 in the financial year

A column of U.S. tanks crosses the 38th parallel in Korea

Price of bread to be increased

## Sunday, April 1

Mr. Dulles outlines American proposals for peace treaty with Japan

The Persian Prime Minister appoints a mission to report on the dispute in the oil fields

French forces repulse attacks by Viet-Minh troops in Indo-China

## Monday, April 2

General Eisenhower assumes effective command of Atlantic Pact armies in Europe. Admiral Lemonnier of France appointed his naval deputy

President Auriol addresses Congress in Washington

French delegate to Paris conference of Foreign Ministers' Deputies submits revised draft agenda on behalf of Western Powers

## Tuesday, April 3

The *Economic Survey* forecasts a 'harsh and unpleasant' outlook with fewer goods and a continuing rise in prices, owing to rearmament

Parliament reassembles after Easter recess

Foreign Ministers of American Republics adopt declaration at Washington

Australian election campaign opens



*A native boy, with his buffalo and cart, passes a fellow tribesman serving with the French forces in Indo-China as he leads a packhorse along a road in Tonkin. Last week French forces drove off further attacks by Viet-Minh rebels in the Hanoi Delta and inflicted heavy losses*



*On April 8 the B.B.C.'s new high-power transmitter at Davenry will be brought into service for the Third Programme. The photograph shows the 725-foot mast radiator, the tallest yet erected at a B.B.C. medium-wave station. The radius of the service area will be about 100 miles and will increase the proportion of the population able to receive the Third Programme to about 70 per cent.*



*On March 29 H.R.H. Princess Margaret paid her first annual conference at Llandudno of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. The photograph shows the Princess (centre distance) in her car tour in the*





M. Vincent Auriol, the French President, has been on a state visit to the United States since March 28. M. Auriol is seen driving in procession with President Truman in Washington, on March 29. President Auriol is now visiting Canada where he will stay until April 8



Lieutenant-General Matthew Ridgway, Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, kisses a cross held by Father Theofanis Tratolos, chaplain attached to the Greek battalion fighting in Korea, during the recent Greek Independence Day review on the central front. Last weekend an American armoured patrol crossed the 38th parallel and engaged the communists before returning to its own lines. United Nations aircraft have continued their attacks on communist supply lines in the western sector in an effort to stop the southward flow of reinforcements



th Wales when she attended the ers. The photograph shows the visited Conway Castle during a



G. B. Saunders winning the international cross-country race for England at Newport on Saturday. This is England's first victory since 1938

Left: Clandon Park, Guildford, Surrey, the home of Lord Onslow, is to be open to the public daily (except on Mondays and certain Thursdays) throughout the summer. A view of the eighteenth-century house from the gardens, which were laid out by 'Capability' Brown



The Anglo-Norwegian ski-jumping contests were held on Hampstead Heath last weekend. Crowds watching one of the Norwegian team taking off. The London Cup Competition was won by last year's winner, Arne Hoel of Oslo, who broke his own record with a jump of 35½ metres (about 116 feet)

## Party Political Broadcast

## A Comparison of Post-war Periods

By the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.

**G**OOD EVENING! I am speaking to you tonight in the series of Party Political Broadcasts. The last of these was made a fortnight ago by Mr. Churchill on behalf of the Conservative Party. So it would be right for me to say a word or two in reply. Let me say how pleased I was at his generous tribute to Mr. Bevin, on his relinquishing the very onerous post of Foreign Secretary. For myself, I would say that no Prime Minister ever had a more loyal or more able colleague, and I rejoice that his health allows us to have the continued benefit of his wise counsel and great experience.

I had expected that in the course of his address Mr. Churchill would have expounded the policy of the Conservative Party. He struck, as he generally does when not in office, a rather gloomy note, but he did not offer a single constructive suggestion. He gave no hint of what, if returned to power, he would do. He concentrated on a demand for an immediate general election. But you will remember this is exactly what he demanded a year ago. He kept telling me then, as he does now, that we needed a united nation and the way to get it was to have a general election.

Well, we had one. He failed to win it. However much he tries to juggle with the figures in order to make out that Labour did not win, one thing at least is certain—he lost. But he is not satisfied. He lost the cup-tie, but demands a replay on his own ground. He tells us that he wants this strictly on national and not on party grounds. Why? In order to get national unity. The only national unity he believes in is unity under his leadership. He talked regretfully about national unity in 1940. He forgets that the unity of 1940 was due to the Labour Party that put him into office, and sustained him loyally through five long and difficult years.

The Labour Party did not claim credit for supporting what they thought to be right, nor did they ask as the price of national unity the satisfaction of a political demand. But Mr. Churchill, though he thinks rearmament right, thinks that the Conservative Party should have been rewarded for their support by the Iron and Steel Act being allowed to lapse. He suggests that had we made this concession we should have had national unity. That has not been our experience. Ever since the ending of the Coalition Government in 1945, Mr. Churchill's speeches have been more partisan than those of any other Conservative leader. He has always done his utmost to belittle the achievements of the Labour Government. I don't complain of this, but I can't see why he should pose as being a superior non-political superman concerned only with national unity. He is out to get back to power by hook or by crook. During the last few months he has been resorting to various political tricks in order to try to defeat or harass the Government. I don't suppose that you are much impressed.

Meanwhile, the Opposition continue their usual tactics of exaggerating all the difficulties of the age we live in and attributing most of them to the Government. There is added a new technique, the publishing of polls which are supposed to give a correct view of what public opinion is at any given time. Well, there has never been a lack of prophets in this country. During the

racing season they are always ready to tip the winner. They are highly experienced persons, but most of them are wrong. I don't think that a Prime Minister should be influenced by political tipsters.

As you know, I am having to spend a week or two in hospital. I am able to do some of my work, but I actually get a bit more time for reading. Among other books, I have been reading one which describes the condition of this country after the Napoleonic War. The book is Mr. Arthur Bryant's *The Age of Elegance*, an excellent history. When he comes to tell the story of what happened when Waterloo had been won, he tells a tragic story of distress and unemployment. He points out that, owing to its blind acceptance of false economic doctrines, the Conservative Government of the day allowed all this misery to exist, although they could have remedied it. He says that the gentlemen of England who then ruled the country 'regretted that the poor must suffer, but when their country's economists told them that the wealth of the nation—that is, their own wealth—depended on periodic unemployment, starvation and the degradation of their humbler countrymen, they accepted it as an inevitable dispensation of Providence and did their best, not unsuccessfully, to banish it from their minds'.

Well, you know, those words could equally well have been applied to what happened in this country after World War I. Are you sure that if the Tories had won the 1945 election the same story would not have been true again? Happily, they did not win it. As I read this book I thought of the years after the first world war. I recollected the unemployment, and the overcrowding. I remembered the acceptance by the Government of the day of false economic doctrines. I recalled how they threw away controls and, like their predecessors a hundred years before, trusted in what they called private enterprise.

I then contrasted with these two periods the events of the last five-and-a-half years when the country has been governed by a Labour Government—a Government with a clear and definite programme of planning the economy of this country in the interests of the whole of the people.

I want to say a word here to the young people who grew up in the last war and have been in regular employment ever since. I know that some of them, who have never known what unemployment means, are beginning to think that perhaps we talk too much about 'full employment', and that perhaps the Government asks too much of us all to ensure that it goes on. They look on secure and safe jobs as the normal thing. They are quite correct, so long as a Labour Government is in power. Labour believe that it is the duty of the Government to maintain full employment. But do the Conservatives? Are they prepared to sacrifice sectional interests to secure it? There is all the difference between men who are determined to maintain full employment and those who merely talk amiable sentiment about it.

It is the fact that despite the grumbles, the general level of well-being in this country is higher than ever before. There are some classes who are worse off, but the majority of the people are better off. Yet the difficulties of the times we live in are very great. The losses caused to this

country by the last war were far greater than those of its predecessors. Our position as a trading nation was far more seriously affected. The international situation, which is now forcing us to rearm, is far more difficult than that which faced the Governments of 1816 and 1919.

I want to remind you of these things because it is quite easy to allow temporary and partial difficulties to obscure realities. Bringing this country back to a position of solvency has been a hard task. It involved control and direction by the Government. Yet what has been the cry of the Opposition? Do away with controls! Give free enterprise its chance! Just the same cries as their Tory predecessors used after previous wars. I know it is not much comfort to those who are bothered by the cost of living to be told that it has gone up here less than almost anywhere else in the world. The pound today, as Mr. Churchill not infrequently reminds us, will buy only 15s 6d. worth of goods. He doesn't remind us that in America the dollar will buy only seventy-two cents' worth of goods. In fact, those two currencies have depreciated to about the same degree.

Do not think that I and the Government are not deeply concerned by the rise in the cost of living. We are. But I should be false to my trust if I pretended that there is any short cut to reducing it. There isn't, and any politician who tells you that he can miraculously bring the cost of living down is deceiving both himself and you. Practically the whole of the rise is due to what are called 'external factors': that is, to the rise in the cost of food and materials that we have to import from abroad, and over whose price we have no control. In the present international situation, there is only one way in which we can hope to reduce the cost of these raw materials, and that is by international action and agreement among the producing and the consuming countries. We are working to achieve that desirable end and shall go on doing so. But it does not depend on us alone.

And yet, you know, when I compare these three periods I am not ashamed of the work of the Labour Government. In order to put this country back on its feet we have had to do a great many things that we could have wished were not necessary, but we knew that, no matter what the cost, it was our first duty to do so, and we did it. I know very well there are hardships still, and grievances. And I am the last man to underestimate them. But we must all have a sense of proportion. I know that there are still a lot of people who have not got houses, and I sympathise with them. But I also know that every year about 200,000 families have been and are being housed. And well housed—better housed, indeed, than ever before.

I want you to realise just what has been achieved by Britain during these difficult years. She has been playing a part worthy of her mighty past. She has faced and overcome the immensely difficult economic consequences of the war. She has, year by year, increased her output of goods, and recovered overseas markets. She has continued to sustain in peace as in war the cause of freedom and democracy against any form of totalitarianism. She has been the inspirer of the Atlantic Treaty. She has shouldered the burden of rearmament in order to be strong to prevent aggression. She has set the world an

example by the comprehensiveness of her social services. She has established the welfare state and has shown that a free social democracy can do far more than communism for its people. Mr.

Bryant's condemnation of the Britain of the Regency is that it lacked the first essential of a society that could content Englishmen: it was unjust. 'For', says he, 'the broad framework

of justice in which real liberty could operate was lacking'. Our claim is that we have today in this country a nearer approach to social justice than ever before. Goodnight!—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Soviet Zone Elections in Germany

Sir,—In his very interesting talk on German personalities, printed in THE LISTENER of March 8, Mr. Kenneth G. Grubb describes his discussions with east German clergymen. During last October's Soviet Zone elections they had been 'seriously embarrassed' by the 'action of the American radio in Berlin announcing that everyone might as well vote communist, as the result was a foregone conclusion. Why, therefore, expose oneself when the battle is already lost?'

Since Mr. Grubb found this opinion interesting enough to repeat, he might usefully have examined its validity. RIAS (Radio in the American Sector) exists to provide information and, on occasion, helpful advice to the people of Berlin and the Soviet Zone. In this instance, we were accurately informed on the conditions under which the so-called elections would be held, and we were receiving hundreds of requests from the Soviet Zone for suggestions on what to do on October 15. What were the possibilities?

We might have urged people to stay away from the polls, a suggestion they could not safely have carried out. We might have urged them to vote no, but in very few polling places could they have done this except under the eye of an SED observer. We might have urged them to make their ballots invalid, but the SED had provided against this by devices that need not be explained here. We therefore took the only realistic course open. We called upon voters to 'deceive the deceivers', not to let the polling places be used to register the stoutest anti-communists. The Federal Chancellor and the leader of the Opposition, in a joint broadcast, had already made essentially the same recommendation. The people of the Soviet Zone thus were assured, as great numbers of them had asked to be, that the west perfectly understood the fraudulent character of the elections and attached no value to them.

RIAS listeners' views, as our files testify, do not bear out the implications of the opinion summarised by Mr. Grubb. They, and we, were concerned with saving anti-communist energies for more important tests than rigged elections against which people could do nothing effective.

Yours, etc.,

Berlin

G. A. EWING  
Deputy Director, RIAS

### Illiteracy among the Young

Sir,—To the causes of illiteracy mentioned in Mr. W. D. Wall's article 'Illiteracy among the Young' in THE LISTENER of March 29, I should like to add developmental aphasia, or word-blindness, which does not, I think, get as much attention in schools as it needs; in some schools it is ignored.

I have seen it stated that in the Edinburgh primary schools about 10 per cent. were found to be affected.—Yours, etc.,

East Horsley

E. T. DAVIS

Sir,—One factor in the cause of backwardness is overlooked by Mr. Wall, and ignored by the Ministry in its Report. For many years now the Ministry has been enforcing classification in forms by age and not ability. The big dunce

among small boys has now become the big dunce among big boys: most of whom are doing work he cannot understand. The teacher is obviously unable to neglect the many to give the necessary coaching to one or two. Drifting or driven into a state of quiescence, they go on their way, doing little or nothing, but sure in the knowledge that next year will see them promoted to a new form with their mates. Mostly from illiterate homes, they have no incentive to learn; moreover they soon realise that their handicap will disappear when they leave, and start to earn as much as, or even more than, their more intellectual colleagues.

Too much attention has been paid to the psychologists. There should be no objection to keeping backward children down one year—in exceptional cases two—at any rate for some subjects. The progress made by classes in the Army may, I suggest, be due to two causes: (1) late development, and (2) incentive to learn.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

SCHOOLMASTER

### The Village of Shotts

Sir,—I am afraid Mr. Roy, whose criticism of my talk on the village of Shotts appeared in THE LISTENER of March 29, would not make a good reporter. Our job is to report what we see and hear, and that was the substance of my talk. Possibly Shotts has great traditions, and even a greater history (Rabbie Burns might have drunk a pint there, or was it a hamlet then or what?).

I insist it is a grey village, though the people are cheerful and charming. Happily their dispositions do not match the grey stone that makes up their houses. But from Mr. Roy's description, I was not quite sure whether he was writing of Deauville or Shotts. But then did he not say or indicate something about Festival of Britain and publicity? Should this not be Festival of North Britain?

I should love to revisit Shotts-on-the-Burn in June, and lazily linger in the soft beauty of my surroundings. If he terms wearing a beret 'peculiar clothes', then I am guilty of attracting attention. But hasn't the village at least one mine manager who wears a kilt? So what?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

JEROME WILLIS

### Framework of the Future

Sir,—In view of the fact that Commander King-Hall does not wish to prolong our discussion further, I feel it unfair to reopen any argument, and despair in any case of bringing him back to the original point at issue.

However, I must say a final word in self-defence, since he has seen fit to force me to defend a point of view which I do not hold—to wit, the justification of violations of human rights, whether by Communists, Nazis or any other political sect.

Leonard Woolf once wrote something to the effect that in times of great crisis it requires a terrible effort to remain politically sane. That has never been more true than now. Unless one can profess a violent hatred of either of the two great ideological and economic systems now facing each other in the world today, one is

accused by those on the right of being a 'fellow traveller' and by those on the left of being a 'capitalist reactionary'.

I too believe that it is my duty as a human being to protest against ideas and actions which are either morally wrong or prejudicial to the general welfare of the human race. I should welcome an effective implementation of the United Nations' Bill of Human Rights. But it is my duty to protest with equal vigour against that extremist school of thought (or rather prejudice) whose instinctive reaction to people holding ideas of which they do not approve is 'Shoot the lot of them!' Their suggested solution is to excel the other man in barbarism and underhandedness.

I appreciate Commander King-Hall's offer to rescue me from a concentration camp, but I doubt if it will be necessary unless the hysteria which such persons as I have just mentioned wish to create, clouds the better judgment of the western world. And then I am in doubt as to which side would first decide that I am a menace to the community. I do not believe that that which is undesirable in any political system or ideology can be removed by force of arms, by threats or by the systematic creation of mass hysteria and hatred. The attempted cure and its consequences are worse than the disease.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol

ROY HARRIS

### Cost-of-Living Index

Sir,—Mr. Dudley Seers, in his talk printed in THE LISTENER of March 15, proposes yet another manipulation of the cost-of-living index. First, he suggests that various classes should have different indices to measure the cost of different standards of living, so that pensions, wages and salaries can each be tied to their own special index. He lays great stress on security for pensioners. Old people are certainly in urgent need of increased pensions and of protection against rising prices in the future. The same is true of all social security benefits. But Mr. Seers proposes a completely frozen economic hierarchy. One is moved to amend the familiar lines:

Lord bless the squire and his relations;  
And keep us in our proper stations  
So Dudley Seers can fix our rations  
And save us all from new inflations.

We leave it to these Oxford syndics  
To conjure up yet one more index;  
And if you lack the price of eating,  
Believe them, they're not really cheating.

Mr. Seers' second main proposal is for at least one index which does 'not fully cover all luxuries'. Cinema-going might be 'lightly represented'. What is more, we gather that meat, and other goods in short supply, are 'over-represented' in the present index. (In this connection it is as well to remember that the present Interim Index of Retail Prices is based on a survey made in 1937-8, when there was 10 per cent. unemployment.) In other words, take as a basis for your index a reduced standard of living and peg wages to that.

Thus Mr. Seers sees rearmament bringing a reduced standard of living, and wants this reduction brought about in an orderly manner by manipulation of the cost-of-living index, instead

of by freezing wages. The great advantage of this statistical conjuring trick, so he thinks, is that if you can get the trade unions to hitch their wage policy to the new 'iron-ration' index, the Government can, by further taxation of such items as cinema seats, drink, tobacco, reinforce the 'deep puritanical streak in our people'.

I cannot see that these proposals in any way form the basis for an 'honest and up-to-date index'. If the index 'only measured the cost of existence' it would certainly be thrown out. If the idea is to introduce an index which will painlessly reduce real wages, I suggest that Mr. Seers had better come down to earth. Building operatives, engineers and railwaymen, to take a few examples, have recently shown a regrettable falling away from 'puritanism'. But then, as Mr. Seers says, the 'wages of sin are generally high wages' (or should one say *higher wages*?).

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

R. FRANCIS

### The Theatre is Not for Pleasure

Sir,—While admiring Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn's fascinating and brilliant account of personalities and rivalries in the Berlin theatre world, I feel his talk may have been somewhat misleading to many listeners.

It is quite true that the Germans have always been somewhat solemn and *schwerfällig* in cultural matters. But it should be remembered that a widespread interest in the arts among all sections of the public, with a large amount of space devoted to the theatre and the arts in newspapers, are typical of all European countries. Indeed, a passionate interest in theatre and opera sometimes developing into bitter controversy, was once a characteristic of this country, too, as the social history of eighteenth-century London shows! In fact, it is surely we Anglo-Saxons who have deviated from the European cultural tradition, by accepting lowered standards in the arts generally, and in particular by allowing our theatre to be swamped by a flood of cheap 'variety', 'musicals', thrillers, and drawing-room comedy. How little opportunity the ordinary theatre-goer, whether in London or the provinces, has of seeing good classical or modern plays by English or foreign dramatists!

I speak with some personal feeling when I recall the many delightful evenings I spent in German theatres in 1947-49, especially in Hamburg (a provincial city by German standards). I remember such unforgettable experiences as a perfect performance of 'Die Zauberflöte', almost overwhelming renderings of 'The Trojan Women' and Sartre's one-act plays in the tiny Kammerspiele; the best performance of 'Hamlet' I have seen, with Will Quadflieg; and many more. And all this, incidentally, at moderate prices and without queueing.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

A. LODGE

### The Legacy of the 'Twenties

Sir,—In Mr. Noel Annan's interesting talk he makes one statement which to me, as one who was an adult fifty years ago, seems quite astounding. Mr. Annan states that fifty years ago 'a large part of the public put their trust in, and took their opinions from, financiers and captains of industry'. Fifty years ago the opinions of the very ordinary man were formed, in science by Huxley, Herbert Spencer and the evolutionist school of thought, in literature by Carlyle, Tennyson, Longfellow, in history by John Richard Green, Macaulay and a host of more ephemeral writers, in art by Ruskin, in religion by Tolstoy, Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley, in politics by Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, John Bright and Joseph Chamberlain—to name but a very few. Many of these men did not restrict themselves to their one subject but overlapped into ethics and economics. Charles Brad-

laugh and Robert Blatchford also exercised an enormous influence among the 'common people'.

Mr. Annan ends by affirming that the cure for our distresses is to be more clever, more sanguine than our predecessors. I should have thought that what we needed was not more cleverness but more character. The ancient allegory of the Garden of Eden taught for all time the folly of knowledge without moral principles by which to guide it.—Yours, etc.,

Higher Brixham

FRANK STONE

### Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—Mr. Toulmin has performed a very valuable service in drawing attention to the frequent misuse of science by unwarranted inferences or illegitimate applications or extensions of its theories and concepts. This misuse is to be found in theology, metaphysics, ethics and politics. And eminent scientists have not infrequently themselves contributed to it.

But it seems to me a pity that Mr. Toulmin should have weakened his argument by his surprising error about the relations in Newton's case between physics and theology. That is why I wrote my first letter in support of Professor Dingle's criticism pointing out this error. Mr. Toulmin's reply is not satisfactory. He refers to Dr. Johnson's dispute with the Rev. Hector McLean of Col recorded in the *Tour to the Hebrides*. This appears to me negligible compared with Dr. Johnson's *Review of Four Letters from Sir Isaac Newton to Dr. Bentley, containing some arguments in favour of a Deity*. What does Mr. Toulmin make of this sentence, 'When I wrote my treatise about our system, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity, and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose'?—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

R. W. CRAMMER

### Neo-Thomism and the Liturgical Revival

Sir,—In 'Neo-Thomism and the Liturgical Revival' in THE LISTENER of March 22, the Rev. Nathaniel Micklem makes the following statements on which I venture to comment.

(1) 'He [St. Thomas] cannot be called orthodox altogether by modern . . . Roman Catholic standards'.

But a famous Papal Encyclical of our own days urges the faithful to consider St. Thomas as their guide in philosophy, and one could hardly find, from the Catholic point of view, anything more orthodox than a Papal Encyclical.

(2) In speaking of the Mass, 'he [the priest] and his assistants perform all the ceremony; the congregation is passive'.

The implication is that the congregation no longer considers itself participating in the sacrifice, as of old. But the very words of the Mass and elementary instruction given to Catholics have never left any doubt that the congregation participates in the sacrifice. Any liturgical expression of this fact, therefore, can merely re-emphasise that truth. It does not revive something which has become obsolete, as the Rev. Nathaniel Micklem suggests.—Yours, etc.,

New York

ROBERT WILBERFORCE

### Daniel Defoe

Sir,—Defoe cheerfully confessed that writing on trade was 'the whore I doated upon'. But Professor Dobrée may unintentionally mislead some of the explorers in Defoe whom his talk must have attracted, for he calls *Augusta Triumphans* 'another trade book' and implies that the *Essay upon Projects* was the same. The theme of both these excellent treatises, among his first and among his last books, is practical reform. Matters of trade find their way into the *Essay upon Projects*, but Defoe's chief proposals concern seamen, the roads, insurance, banking, pensions

and education (including women's education). *Augusta Triumphans* is aimed at making London 'the most flourishing city in the universe' by such improvements as a University, a Hospital for Foundlings, and various checks on violent and unruly behaviour.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

FRANCIS WATSON

### Bernard Shaw's Study

Sir,—In the photograph of Bernard Shaw's study which you reproduce in THE LISTENER, the most conspicuous ornament is a picture of the late Philip Wicksteed (1844-1927). The motive of its presence is perhaps half forgotten by many of Shaw's admirers. Wicksteed, best known as a student of Dante, included economics among the multifarious subjects on which he thought and wrote. In 1884 he published in a socialist journal, *Today*, a refutation on Jevonian lines of Marx's labour theory of value. Shaw replied in defence of Marx, setting in motion a controversy which was continued, first in the pages of *Today*, and later *viva voce* at a gathering known as the 'Economic Circle': 'a controversy', Wicksteed used to say, 'unique in the history of polemics, since it ended in the conversion of one of the antagonists'. I am not sure whether this *mot* was coined by Shaw or Wicksteed. Shaw's acknowledgment of his own conversion is recorded in the life of Wicksteed by C. H. Herford.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

AUSTIN DUNCAN-JONES

### 'The Fair Queen of Wu'

Sir,—I have no T.V. set myself but in THE LISTENER of March 22 you have an illustration on page 474 of a scene from 'The Fair Queen of Wu' with Sonya Hana as Hsi-Shih. In this she wears a coat embroidered with dragons.

The dragon in China is the male symbol and only men would use it. The women of the Chinese royal family would always have the phoenix on their outer garments. To use a dragon on a woman's dress would be as absurd to them as a man in London wearing correct morning dress with a bowler hat trimmed with pink ribbon and a wreath of rosebuds would be to us!—Yours, etc.,

Newbury

E. E. NEWBURY

[Mr. Philip Bate, producer of 'The Fair Queen of Wu', replies:

In preparing this programme, the chief problem was to devise a formula in which English poetry, and music and a form of dancing, both basically European, could unite to tell an ancient Chinese story in a manner acceptable to a European audience. Realism was discarded in favour of a convention which, it was hoped, would create an appropriate atmosphere and assist the audience in appreciating the somewhat unfamiliar eastern line of thought. Having determined upon convention, we confined our researches in the matter of décor and costume to the Chinese theatre, and not to real life at any social level. Among the authorities consulted was the well-known account of the Chinese actor Mei Lan Fang, so celebrated for his interpretation of female roles. In this book one of the most beautiful illustrations shows the great actor in the character of the lady Fei Chen O, dressed in a woman's robe lavishly embroidered with dragons.]

### Gramophone Recordings

Sir,—Could more care be taken to see that records are played at the correct speed, and therefore at the proper pitch? There have been recent examples of recorded music being played in a key one tone higher than the composer intended. There have been worse examples, but the improvement in recent years has not lately been maintained.

Those of us who are blessed (or cursed) with a sense of absolute pitch and who know the scores of the music suffer acutely from mental conflict when we hear recorded music being

played in the wrong key. Every note sounds 'wrong'. The composer's choice of key is flouted.

Salford

Yours, etc.,

J. L. BURN

### Revaluation of 'Don Quixote'

Sir,—Is it by accident that the more our modern artists and other creators tend to rely on 'essentials', the more do our critics tend to complicated and over ornate structure in their writings? Alexander Parker's talk on Don Quixote was so involved and piled up such confusing solutions to problems which to me do not seem to exist, that I do not feel that such criticism can help anyone to understand Don Quixote or Cervantes the better.

Is it not possible that Cervantes, a man of keen sense of humour, with a variety of adventures for a background, decided to write an amusing tale, and chose the form he did just as any other writer will select a 'frame'? I can imagine a writer of today, for example, deciding that his 'Don Quixote' shall be a man with a mania for psychology who shall probe every event and see all happenings as worthy of analysis and cure, from the surliness of the ticket collector as he entrains for the office to the apparent lack of sympathy he may expect from his seniors in business. Such a 'frame' would allow of enormous possibilities for fun and also for tilts at the psycho-analysts, but I wonder if some hundreds of years after, critics would impute to our author of today the moral subtleties which are suggested as intended by Cervantes?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.20

E. H. WALKER

### 'John Newton'

Sir,—In your review of my biography, *John Newton*, it is suggested I might have given more information about the nature and whereabouts of the unpublished material I was lucky enough to discover. It is certainly remarkable that so many letters and diaries throwing light on what might be called middle-class life in the eighteenth century have remained so long unpublished. The explanation is that almost all of this fresh material has been in private hands, some of it without the owners realising what they had inherited.

I did, in fact, give some indication of ownership; but more detailed reference would have been unsuitable in a book for the general reader, because even while I was writing a good deal of the material was passing through the sale-rooms. Some of the Newton-Cowper letters were bought by the British Museum and others sold to an American collector while my book was printing. I should be delighted to give what help I can to anyone particularly interested in tracing sources.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

BERNARD MARTIN

### Einstein and the Ether

Sir,—May I be allowed to correct a statement by your book reviewer, in *THE LISTENER* of March 15? In his review of Professor Einstein's book, entitled *Out of My Later Years*, I find this statement:

A chasm separates the feeling of German and of French science. But Einstein abolished it as summarily as he dismissed the ether.

When did Einstein dismiss the ether? We know that some of our younger scientists desire

to do so, because it eludes their technique; and they would very much like to have the backing of such an authority as Professor Einstein for their modernist view. But the ether is the ether; and a medium which carries a signal around the earth seven times in one second, cannot be dismissed. However, let Professor Einstein speak for himself. Here are his actual words:

There is a weighty argument to be adduced in favour of the ether hypothesis. To deny the ether is ultimately to assume that empty space has no physical qualities whatever. The fundamental facts of mechanics do not harmonise with this view. According to the general theory of relativity space is endowed with physical qualities; in this sense, therefore, there exists an ether. According to the general theory of relativity space without ether is unthinkable; for in such space there not only would be no propagation of light, but also no possibility of existence for standards of space and time.

Yours, etc.,

Letchworth

JOHN CROMWELL

### Greek Proper Names

Sir,—In my first letter I was concerned with Greek proper nouns, not their Latin equivalents. The examples of river names given by Mr. A. E. Watts, with long 'e' in the penultimate are latinised forms of Alpheios, Peneios and Spercheios and cannot reasonably be classed with names like Theseus, Perseus and Odysseus, which retains the diphthong 'eu' wherever found. B.B.C. announcers are unlikely to meet with Alpheus and the others except in verse, where metre is a guide to pronunciation.

Yours, etc.,

Ditchling

L. A. JENNINGS

## Where the Churches Meet

(continued from page 539)

driven to re-discover their own peculiar convictions. The 'Confessions' of the Reformation epoch came suddenly to life again as proclamations of the true nature and liberty of man; the Church in Germany had become a 'Confessing Church' and Christians in Norway, Holland and France re-discovered both themselves and their responsibility for others. The Bible became again the handbook of a fighting force, and the structure of the institutional Church revealed its toughness as so many other associations collapsed or were destroyed. By the time the World Council of Churches inaugural Assembly could be held in 1948, a new coherence of ecumenical theology had become apparent, a coherence in which the four types of theology already noted, the British, Continental, American and Orthodox, met again—not obliterated, but in a new relationship with each other.

How can one designate that coherence? It does not mean that there is now an 'ecumenical theology' in the sense that this wide range of traditions is now to be found in uniformity, that there is a single doctrine of the Church and an agreed Christian sociology to be found throughout the whole ecumenical movement. Far from it. In some ways the conflicts are more intense. One of the effects of re-discovering the force of the Protestant Confessions, partly through persecution, partly through the self-awareness which mutual encounter brings, is that Confessionalism is stronger than it has been for centuries. Lutherans, Reformed, Anglicans and so on are more clear than they were twenty years ago what it is they stand for.

But there is a coherence. Perhaps it is symbolised by saying that today the names of the most diverse Christian thinkers can be linked

together as all talking about the same questions in a way which means something to each other. What could we say is held in common by Karl Barth, Emil Brunner, Reinhold Niebuhr, John Baillie, V. A. Demant, T. S. Eliot, George Florovsky—to name only some of those who think together in the ecumenical movement, although most of them are strongly opposed at certain points to each of the others?

First, I would put the common awareness that as Christians they ultimately derive the categories of their thinking from a common source which marks them off from non-Christian thinkers. This common source is the unique self-revelation of God through His creating and saving acts as made manifest in Jesus. Secondly, the consequence of this divine action is the continued existence in the world of a divine-human community which has a unique and decisive role to play in human history. Although there are serious and profound differences of opinion about the character of this Church, it is agreed to be constituted by the presence within it of a single guiding Spirit and certain 'mysteries' held in common, notably the Scriptures, the two great Sacraments and a continuity of life which lasts from the coming of Christ in the flesh to His coming again in glory. Thirdly, the role of this unique community is directly related to the life and destiny of all men and so has a normative character for all human and historical institutions. From this base the Church (about which we may still differ on many points) has a distinctive responsibility (which is still a matter for discussion in its details) for the whole of history (which remains ambiguous to human minds). Still, you see, that paradoxical relationship between cer-

tainties which are known to have been given by God and uncertainties which are inherent in the conditions of our human finitude. But somewhere in that paradox we may speak of theology in the ecumenical movement.

It is a coherence within which our traditional ecclesiastical distinctions have a continuing validity, though a validity that is increasingly challenged by insights which cut across our accustomed boundary lines; within which there are sharp differences of political and economic decisions, though differences that are consciously related to a common source of authority in God; within which every vital and honest movement of the human spirit has its proper place, though a place that may not be consciously related to an organised 'ecumenical movement' or even to a recognised Church. So, today, the sort of topics which are engaging those who bring their different theologies to meet in the World Council of Churches are the nature of the Church and its unity (including the role of economic, political and similar forces bearing upon it); the Christian understanding of a 'responsible society' and within it 'the meaning of work'; the ideological conflict between east and west; the nature of the Bible's relevance to the modern world. It is in facing together such problems as these that there is emerging, not so much an 'ecumenical theology', as an ecumenical manner of theological discussion. That is really to say that there is today an increasingly coherent pattern of Christian thinking together about the nature of God and the destiny of man.—*Third Programme*

The cover photograph this week is by Inga Aistrup, from Copenhagen, by Henry Hellssen.

# Turgenev Rediscovered

By DAVID FOOTMAN

RECENTLY a friend of mine wanted something to read in a train and took Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches*. I asked later if he had liked them, and he said no, they were too foreign. I pressed him, but he stuck to his ground. They were too foreign, he said, too remote. There was nothing to tune in to.

My friend is the sturdy, independent, middle-brow type, by no means unintelligent—in fact the sort of reader I like to think I am myself—and his reaction made me wonder whether Turgenev still has a direct personal appeal to the modern reader, that call to some inner experience that makes one feel 'this is written at me', that each of us gets from the few books that really matter. Perhaps the *Sketches* were not a fair test; some people do not like sketches, just as some do not like water colours. The big novels would be better. I did not try them on my friend because I know what happens when other people wish books on to me. So I read them myself, all six of them, for the first time for nearly twenty years: *Rudin*; *A House of Gentlefolk*; *On the Eve*; *Fathers and Children*; *Smoke*; and *Virgin Soil*. And I found that here were six books to add to the list of those to be re-read, perhaps with a little skipping, every two years. That was an agreeable discovery. And it meant that for me they have this appeal.

These novels make one think of the man himself and his background. Outwardly, Turgenev's life was smooth and easy. His family were well-to-do and well connected. He never had money troubles—minor embarrassments, yes, but never anything serious. He could always live where he liked and how he liked and in whatever society he liked. That he did not marry was due to himself. He was certainly no celibate. He had great opportunity to enjoy those things he had so keen a capacity for enjoying—nature and the countryside, field sports, music, the arts, friendship—not forgetting the friendship of children and dogs. He was a successful author very soon after he started seriously to write. There were ups and downs in his reputation in Russia, but the downs were compensated by growing recognition abroad. When he died he was acknowledged everywhere as the doyen of Russian letters; and he died in the home circle he had made his own for over thirty years.

But this is not the whole truth. There is the class from which he sprang. The Russian country gentry of the nineteenth century were a social phenomenon unique in history. Though they owned most of the land, and till 1861 most of the peasants, they were, so to speak, living in a vacuum, cut off by the Tsarist bureaucracy from any participation in the national life. Individuals might spend periods in the army or the civil service, but as a class they had no tradition, no opportunity and little incentive for public service—or really for anything else. There were their estates to manage. But few seem to have found much satisfaction there. Farming in Russia then was a difficult business. We find Nikolai Kirsanov, in Turgenev's *Fathers and Children*, telling his son of all his vexations, troubles with peasants, with the livestock, with the farm plant, with contractors, with the banks. And so, in actual fact, the dreary business of estate management was usually left to bailiffs and agents.

For the gentry themselves there remained the basic pleasures; and a little foreign culture imported via the capitals; and talk, endless talk. Meanwhile throughout the century the strain on the creaking Russian

social structure, the murmurs of a coming crisis, became more and more apparent. The writing was on the wall. And from Chernyshevsky down to Lenin we find one cry repeated from the hearts of thinking Russians—*Chto dyelat?* What is to be done? For the landed gentry there was nothing to be done. The bureaucracy saw to that. And so there is a striking contrast between the sense of security and purpose we find in Trollope's descriptions of the corresponding class in England, and its absence in Trollope's exact contemporary, Turgenev. The effect on the psychological set-up of these sensitive, quick-minded Russians was

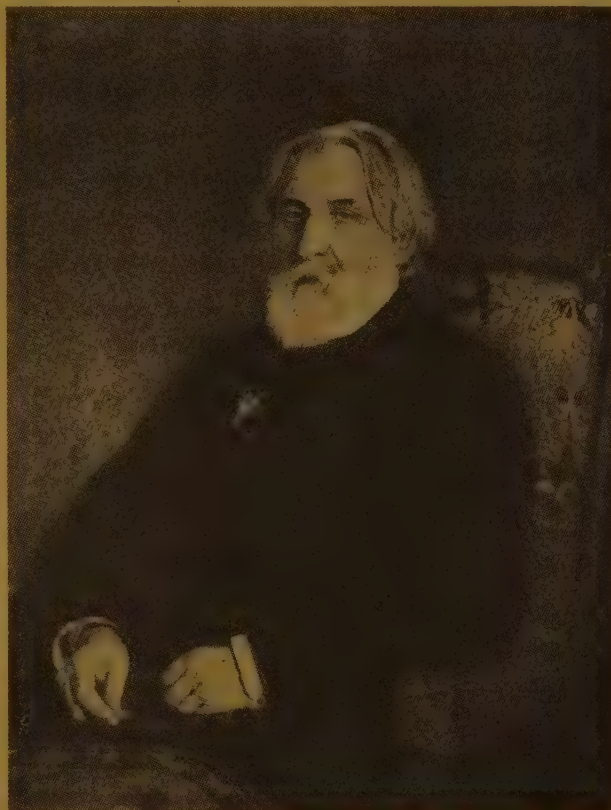
as one would expect. It gave rise to at least one persistent myth—the myth of the Russian temperament. 'The proneness', writes so kindly an observer as Edward Garnett in 1896, 'of the Slav nature to fall a prey to a consuming weakness, a moral stagnation, a feverish *ennui*, the Slav nature that analyses everything with force and brilliance, and ends, so often, by doing nothing'. It was not the Slav nature. It was the frustration arising from the position of this particular class—a frustration that set going most of the revolutionary leaders of the next two generations. And, incidentally, one that played its part in shaping Turgenev and his books.

Turgenev himself was the favourite son of an arbitrary and tempestuous mother. His father died when he was still a boy, but even while his father lived it was she who was the despot of the Spasskoie estate. Serfs were flogged or exiled at her whim, and once, in a fit of pique, she banned the celebration of Easter in all the twenty-seven villages on the property. Her love of her son was passionate, possessive, and unpredictable, no doubt part cause of his chronic inability to assert himself in after life. He was never happy with his mother. As soon as he could he left home for Petersburg University. He went on to Berlin. Back in Russia he played with the

idea of a chair of philosophy but did not pursue it. For a few months he became a civil servant, but resigned in disgust when he found that his carelessness had caused the flogging of a peasant. He then lived the life of a young man about town and wrote some indifferent poetry. In 1843—he was just twenty-five—he met Pauline Viardot, the opera singer who was to play so large a part in his future.

Hitherto he had lived the normal life of the Russian gentleman, for whom there was always a supply of serf girls. He sowed more wild oats in Berlin. And when he returned to Russia there was Tatiana Bakunin. Yarmolinsky, in his admirable *Life*, describes Tatiana as a frail 'highly strung spinster of twenty-seven, concealing behind a pure brow and a stream of philosophical talk the potentiality for hysterical self-abandonment'. The affair, a platonic one, dragged on for two years. It began with a spate of high-flown talk and correspondence, but while Tatiana fell deeper and deeper in love, for Turgenev it went on just as it had started. 'If only', he wrote to her when the girl was quite desperate, 'if only once we could walk together under the lime trees, if I could hold your hand in mine and feel that our souls were mingling, that everything alien and morbid and mean was melting away for ever'. The affair came to its inevitable end in bitterness and humiliation.

Pauline was very different. Half French, half Spanish and happily married to her manager, she was an admirable artist and a very competent business woman. While her Petersburg season lasted Turgenev



Turgenev in 1874

was at the theatre every night. During the entr'acte the prima donna would recline in her dressing-room on a huge bearskin rug, while favoured visitors would sit on the four gilded paws and tell her stories. Turgenev was the regular occupant of paw three. Next year he stayed with the Viardots at their country home in France. There, two years later, he wrote most of the *Sportsman's Sketches* that first established him as a writer. Thereafter the periods that he spent with them in France, in Germany, in England and again in France, became longer and longer, so that for his last twenty years he was living with or next to the Viardots in western Europe and occasionally visiting Russia rather than the other way round. When he was away from Pauline he wrote to her incessantly. It is certain he was very much in love with her. It is almost as certain that to her he was never more than a friend. She was not a woman who had love affairs. And in time, though not easily, Turgenev accepted the position. His affection came to embrace her children, her whole family, her husband. Her circle became his circle. It was in their joint summer residence outside Paris that he died.

### A Russian at Heart

But he remained very much a Russian at heart. Russia was the source of his inspiration, the setting of all his work. And one wonders whether even his feeling for Pauline would have brought him to what he once described as the sterility of cosmopolitan life if he could have established himself to his own satisfaction in his own country. He was keenly conscious of his ineffectiveness. Physically he was a big man with very small legs. As time went on he grew more and more anxious about his health and spent more and more time consulting doctors. And this would help to sap what little self-confidence he had. It was when in his own country and when dealing with his own people that he felt this ineffectiveness most. There were minor love affairs, in spite of Pauline, and they were unsatisfactory. He could never control his servants, let alone his estates. He had the greatest difficulty—really a nervous crisis—in dismissing his uncle Nicholas, who for years had mismanaged the Spasskoie property. The bailiff he put in to take his place proved just as unsuitable.

But what hurt him most was failure to tune with the younger Russian generation. He was a liberal himself; he was on their side. But the young progressives of the 'sixties were a tougher, grimmer breed. They were put off by his softness, his expansiveness, his lack of faith and drive. They ridiculed a man who would subscribe to a Paris newspaper because his dog preferred to sleep under it. His supreme gifts of observation and intellectual integrity meant nothing to them, because they cared nothing for art and resented his exposure of left-wing as well as right-wing foibles. Later, of course, they came to think otherwise. Among the wreaths at his funeral was one from a camp of political prisoners, inscribed 'From the Dead to the Deathless'. There was no tribute he could have valued more highly. But it came only to his coffin.

I think in Turgenev's work, as in others, we can see the attempt to find relief by the translation into art of unhappy personal experience, to attempt to resolve, in art, problems impossible to solve in life. The main themes of his novels are echoes of his own preoccupations. There is a great deal of love, unhappy love usually as far as the principal characters are concerned. For some of us perhaps there is too much love, because nowadays we like to read also of men and women at work, and it was beyond Turgenev to be able to give a convincing picture of anybody doing a job—any job, be it inspecting a paper factory or trying to start a revolution. Along with love we have ineffectiveness. The heroes of four of his love stories are ineffectives. With Rudin and with Nezhdanov of *Virgin Soil* this weakness, or brittleness of fibre, is underlined for us. Lavretsky of *A House of Gentlefolk* and Litvinov of *Smoke* are presented as victims of fate. But it is on their ineffectiveness that the whole action hinges. Lavretsky failed to measure up to his wife. More to Litvinov as a youth and he would never have lost Irina. Just a little more to him as a man and he would have won her back.

Turgenev's heroines follow a different pattern. Natalya of *Rudin*, Lisa of *A House of Gentlefolk*, Yelena of *On the Eve*, Marianna of *Virgin Soil* are all alike in their singleness of heart, their idealism, their capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice. In Insarov, the Bulgarian hero of *On the Eve*, and again in Solomon of *Virgin Soil*, their creator attempts to present a male counterpart big enough to carry their common ideals. But I think both attempts were failures. Neither Insarov nor Solomin ever really comes to life. Perhaps it was that Turgenev, with his acute and sceptical mind, doubted if there was, doubted even if there could be, a man who could give an effective lead to his age. He did create one outstanding male character, Bazarov the

'nihilist' of *Fathers and Children*. He said once that he agreed with everything he had made Bazarov to say, except his contempt for art. I think we might go further and take it that in Bazarov he created the man that he would have wished himself to be. Bazarov is a splendid conception, with his courage, his pride, his complete integrity, his contempt for all shams. But he is no leader, because he has no faith, and this is what hurt the young progressives. Bazarov has no faith in any cause or any future, or even in his own career. He seems quite happy to stay in other people's houses, dissecting other people's frogs.

To come back to where we started, what is the appeal of Turgenev's novels to us today? For some of us there is too much love, and too much talk. And perhaps these ultra-serious young heroines, though convincing enough—they are all of them alive—have something lacking. It has been said there must be something wrong with girls who never giggle. I am sure none of these ever did, except perhaps Yelena. And then, in the novels, there is too much ineffectiveness. We, too, live in an age of strain, and we are too well meaning and intelligent and ineffective ourselves to want to read about others. What is then the appeal?

I think it is because his characters, whether or not we like them and whether or not their author likes them, are always, or nearly always, consistently true to themselves. He took immense pains with them. He would write up beforehand their past lives; sometimes even their diaries. And thanks to his acute observation, his objectivity and his innate sense of form, his people are real, alive, in three dimensions. Of the attempts ever made to portray irresistible fascination, Irina of *Smoke* is perhaps the only one I find completely satisfying. We see all round her, her wilfulness, her romanticism, her vanity—and her wisdom. For she was quite right not to run away with Litvinov. They would both have been miserable.

Then there is the unending delight of Turgenev's minor characters. There is the formidable Darya Mihailovna of *Rudin*. There are the Stahovs of *On the Eve*, and, perhaps best of all, Cousin Uvar Ivanovitch with his vast bulk and his snuff-coloured coat, his little glasses of vodka and his trays of dried fish, his flourish of the fingers in moments of great perplexity. There is a vast list of them, down to Valentina of *Virgin Soil*, elegant, coquettish, hard-headed and on occasion spiteful; Valentina whom her creator so cordially disliked but whom he drew so fairly that some of us think her the one woman of the six novels we could be happily married to.

That is why I shall re-read Turgenev. He is complete master of his backgrounds, with all the still beauty of the Russian countryside, and all the dreariness of Russian poverty, but for me the appeal is that his people are real and alive. They are alive because he set down life as he saw it, clearly, objectively and in classical perfection of form. It is this integrity that gives Turgenev's work its appeal to us today, keenly though he himself realised that artistic integrity is not enough.

—Third Programme

## A Life's Unity

That sudden all-surviving voice  
From wayside church, from hillside lane,  
Melodious as no melody else,  
Not choiring hymn, bird-piping, bells,  
Fills the soul's evening-shaded plain.  
It binds all to its dawn again,  
And leaves the shrewdest doubt no choice.

The incommunicable call—  
Who fathoms how such force upsprings  
From one lost garden, lilac room,  
A brambled arch, a moonlight tomb—  
Why from one willowed lane it sings  
And that farm gable thronged with wings—  
The unusual but the voice of all?

No 'loved and lost', no 'yesteryear'  
In this song grieves, which without sound  
To boyhood sailed beyond the call  
Of wheatfield gale or waterfall,  
And all sweet sound; the fine chain wound  
Much that it seemed mere wandering found;  
Once more the voice, the countenance clear.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

## Art

## Piero della Francesca

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR on Sir Kenneth Clark's new book

NOT long ago a group of friends, some of them painters, all of them picture-lovers, was pretending that a good fairy had offered each the chance of hanging in his own home for a year one picture from the National Gallery. What would be selected? It soon became clear that all could not simultaneously be satisfied. For, while a few chose pictures by other masters, and only one named Piero della Francesca's recently restored 'Nativity', no less than four wanted his 'Baptism'. To a comparable group of people no more than a couple of generations ago, this would have seemed very astonishing; and it is appropriate, therefore, that Sir Kenneth Clark's study\* should open with a short discussion of some of the reasons for Piero's long delayed, but at last unchallenged, admission into the company of the very greatest masters. While there are no traces in Piero of either the rhetorical or the sentimental, qualities in pictures which have often appealed to earlier generations, he is one of the world's really great colourists: and it may well be that colour plays a larger part in the enjoyment of painting today than at any previous time. But in Piero an entrancing use of colour is repeatedly combined with formal inventions so quiet, so reticent, so mysterious in their solemnity that we cannot stand before his finest works without feeling strangely exalted.

Much is made in this book, and how justly, of Piero's command over colour: in a charming passage, his palette is carefully analysed, and found to be based on the colours of the Tuscan vineyard, with the rather sparing addition of muted reds and pinks. Sir Kenneth also makes the point that 'he differs from almost all the great colourists in European painting in that his colour is pale and cool. Vermeer and, at his best, Corot are almost the only other painters who have explored this range of cool, silvery colour without degenerating into mere coldness'. One thinks, too, in this context, of some of the late paintings of Velasquez, and especially of the series of Habsburg children at Vienna. But Piero, working largely in fresco, with no strong contrasts of light and shade, uses colour to fuller decorative effect than any of these, and with the limpidity of the air on an early summer morning.

Mr. Aldous Huxley once wrote that 'everything in Piero's universe is endowed with a kind of supernatural substantiality, is much more "there" than any object of the actual world could possibly be'. The emphasis is on the word supernatural, for in the physical sense the occupants of Michelangelo's universe are much more substantial. But whereas the creations of Michelangelo are men and women raised to the *nth* power, the inhabitants of Piero's world are godlike—Olympians, as D. S. MacColl put it, in contrast to Michelangelo's Titans. Piero is willing to sacrifice individual personality to the realisation of a concept of form which is idealised and impersonal: hence the reappearance of a few facial types over and over again in his paintings. Representative of one of them is the head of the Madonna illustrated above, from the Cemetery Chapel at Monterchi, in the hills some twenty miles to the east of Arezzo, whose inaccessibility has rendered it among the less familiar, perhaps, of Piero's works. Impersonal it is,

yet not in the least cold: that is entirely characteristic of Piero. Behind his reticence, we feel, there is kindness: with his grandeur there goes an unfailing gentleness and compassion.

We may count ourselves profoundly fortunate that the only two important works of Piero outside Italy are both in the National Gallery. One of this book's many illuminating passages is devoted to a detailed

comparison, first of the treatment of the feet of the angels, and then of the landscape backgrounds, in these two paintings. In the light of this analysis, the reasons for the preference which many feel today for the 'Baptism', alluded to above, become perfectly clear. In beauty of colour there is perhaps little to choose between them, and nobody could remain unmoved by what Sir Kenneth describes as the 'mood of intimacy and lyrical freedom' of the 'Nativity': yet, owing to Flemish influence, 'the sense of form existing from within, in accordance with some ideal scheme', of which the 'Baptism' is such a noble expression, 'has been exchanged for an eagerness to describe and define', and the outcome is a picture which, for all its beauties, seems less visualised.

That the scholarship of this text is of a high order almost goes without saying, and on this level it will no doubt be fully reviewed elsewhere. But the much larger number of those who are art-lovers but not professional scholars will also feel, once again, a great debt of gratitude to Sir Kenneth Clark. No one could read this book—and such is the depth of its understanding and the distinction of its writing that it could be read several times without any diminution of interest or delight—and fail to gain not only a fuller comprehension of

Piero, but enlightenment on many of the great and eternal questions of painting, the role of colour, the uses of drapery in the delineation of form, and so on. The text is throughout shot with images of enviable felicity and, sometimes, beauty, of which the description of one's emotion on entering the choir of San Francesco at Arezzo as like 'breathing the air of a more harmonious planet' is but one example.

The production and plates are worthy of both subject and author. Since most of Piero's works are in Italy and on walls, some ill-lit, from which they are virtually irremovable, the problem of obtaining adequate photographs cannot have been easy. (The poor quality of its plates has always been a blemish on Professor Roberto Longhi's famous monograph.) To have, at last, a complete corpus of illustrations of Piero's paintings, with many fine enlargements of details, is in itself an exciting event: Cav. Cipriani's photographs, we are told, were taken specially for this book, and they are a brilliant success. To some of those who have yet to see this book, the cost may seem high: in fact, with sixty-three large pages of text and notes, a hundred and fifty-seven plates (including seven in colour, of varying quality), and over sixty small ancillary plates introduced for purposes of comparison, it would be hard to think of any book published in recent years which offers better value. Only an index is lacking, either to text or plates, and for a book of such importance, this is a pity.



The head of Piero's 'Madonna del Parto' at Monterchi in Tuscany

\* Piero della Francesca. Phaidon Press. 42s.

# The Sorcerer's Revenge\*

By SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

**I** DON'T mind admitting I felt queer when old Taakeuta said a death-curse had been laid on me. You would have felt the same yourself at that hour of the morning. He crept out of his village between three and four o'clock and got my cook-boy to wake me up. As soon as I stirred, they both began begging me not to light a lamp in case other eyes should see us. So I had to lie there under the mosquito net listening to their talk of curses in the dark. They were just voices whispering doom at me out of the unseen, and it gave me the creeps.

## Protective Prayers against Magic

White men were supposed to be immune from Gilbertese sorcery, but Taakeuta feared I might not be as safe as others. I had recently been made a member of the Sun clan. That gave me magical powers, but it also opened me to magical attack, he thought: the curse would surely work unless I would agree to do as he asked me. My only chance now lay in the prayers of the clan ancestors for warding off death-spells. These were infallible if used aright—but would I use them? He had come hurrying through the night to teach me how to do so before the next sun rose. His tremulous old voice trailed off into entreaties.

I knew the dark obscenity of the death-curses. Not that I really believed a hotch-potch of words and gestures, however vile, could harm me. But I was alone on an island impregnated with age-old superstition, and I was young, and the living reality of these two friends' dread was heavy upon me. Then, too, there was the deep sincerity of Taakeuta's purpose. I could not just turn the shaky old fellow back into the night un comforted. Maybe I was a little curious as well. Anyhow, what with one thing and another, I spent the last hour before sunrise over on the eastern beach, learning those protective prayers from him. All of them ended with what seemed then and still seems to me an exquisite benediction: 'Safety and Peace are mine. Safety and Peace'. I am not prepared to deny that it did a lot to calm my twittering nerves.

The innocent cause of all this to-do was a poor, half-witted girl who had been brought before me in the Lands Court. It was a real-life case of a defenceless orphan and her wicked uncle. The uncle had contrived, at the death of her father and mother, to get himself registered by the Native Court as the owner of her whole patrimony, which amounted to nearly twenty acres of good coconut land. That was great wealth for a Gilbert Islander. He had got away with it solely because of his fearsome reputation as a sorcerer. He was credited with many victims, and the terror of his curses paralysed the island. The sick-minded child drifted about the villages for eight years living on charity; no one dared to complain on her behalf until I arrived to set up a Lands Commission. Then, because I had become a member of his clan, old Taakeuta did tell me about her. It was an act of superhuman courage for an islander. Two others followed his lead, and their evidence eventually enabled me to put things right for her.

It was no part of my court's job to pursue the wicked uncle. I merely recorded the facts about him for judicial attention and got along with my Lands Commission. So he, on his side, was able to stick around considering how best he might pursue me. As a matter of fact, I am sure there was more than a streak of insanity in him, which loss of face had whipped up into a maniac obsession. It was actually he himself who had told Taakeuta about putting the death-curse on me. He was boasting of it all round the place. He said I was going to fall ill within a week and be dead within three weeks. It may sound puerile to you, but the insolent certainty of it hypnotised the hag-ridden villagers into something like appalled conviction. The meeting-houses of the island rang with debates about my safety.

It was not merely for me that people were afraid; they feared for themselves even more. No white man had ever yet been known to succumb to Gilbertese magic. The whole confidence of the brown men in the white race rested ultimately on that one fact. We were queer, often unmannerly creatures, but we were always above being corrupted

or constrained by secret sorceries. Yet that terrible man seemed so sure of his powers. Could I resist him? If I could not, what white man was to be leaned on for protection any more? This was not a rhetorical question that I imagined for myself; it was the way my cook-boy and loving friend put things to me, and I knew that the stark simplicity of his view stood for the whole island's feeling. In that atmosphere of panic, the wicked uncle did not even have to bring about my death to win a smashing victory. Any real illness that happened my way would be seen as a triumph of his sorcery. And, apart from the white man's prestige in general, there was the special matter of my work on the Lands Commission. Once I was made to appear even a little susceptible to spells, every spark of public faith in my judgments would be snuffed out, for every man would be asking his neighbour whose magic had swayed me. The immediate answer to all this was, of course, that I must not fall ill or, better still, must not let anyone see it even if I did. There was not a doctor within a hundred miles, anyhow, to buzz around ordering me to bed; but the hair-trigger situation did make me a bit nervous, because I was subject to fulminating attacks of dysentery.

As things fell out, however, I need not have worried about dysentery. The pains that woke me up just before dawn two days later were not like that. I felt as if an ice-cold hand with red-hot fingernails was tearing out a hollow space between my kidneys and my solar plexus. I suppose it was natural for me to dream, as I struggled out of sleep, that the clawing hand was the wicked uncle's and that his face was mouthing at me a piece of a death-curse I had learned from old Taakeuta:

His liver heaves, it heaves, it is overturned and torn apart;  
His bowels heave, they heave, they are torn apart and gnawed.

At that, it might have been only a severe attack of renal colic, but there were other symptoms too. They do not matter here, except that they told me beyond doubt what had hit me. I had had a mild sample of the same thing before, and it had not been caused by magic. The all-too-obvious fact was that I had swallowed before going to bed a considerable swig of the blistering stuff known to science as cantharidine. It was easy to make that particular mistake in the Gilbert Islands if you were a toddy-drinker. Cantharide flies (which we called toddy-bugs) crawled in hundreds wherever the sweet sap of the coconut blossom was being tapped. We had to take care to keep them out of our collecting-vessels. No more than three of them drowned in a pint of liquor were quite enough to put a man to bed for a week. The squeezed-out juice of a dozen or so, secretly dropped into a man's drink, was as sure a thing as any sorcerer knew of to make his death-curses work, and horribly.

## Death Curse on Coconut Toddy

The only coconut toddy ever allowed near me was that gathered by my cook-boy. He was a martinet about that. I got none at all if he found even a single fly drowned in my liquor. But my toddy-tree was well out in the bush: anyone could have climbed it and doctored my drink unseen in the sleepy hours after noonday. There was not a mite of evidence to show who had done it; but if nobody had, in fact, given me a dose of cantharidine, the inference was that nothing save the wicked uncle's curse was blistering my insides. Though this made satisfactory nonsense for me, it did not for my cook-boy. He thought the death-curse was come upon me, and told me so with tears. It was not comforting. All the same, I did know I could count on his silence outside. He said himself he did not care who or what was to blame: only one thing mattered now, and that was how to keep the sorcerer's victory dark.

Apart from the pains of my condition, its initial calls for attention were so importunate that they could not possibly have been kept dark without the help of luck—an accident of time, you might call it, unless you preferred just Providence. My trouble happened to begin on a Saturday, and Saturday was a day of rest as far as my court work went. So I started off with the merciful gift of a clear week-end of

\* Sir Arthur Grimble's talk 'Introduction to Sorcery' was printed in THE LISTENER last week

seclusion. Nevertheless, when Sunday night came, I could not even sit up. There was not the remotest hope of my being able to resume work as usual at six o'clock on Monday morning. I lay torn in half with pain, wondering what message I should send to the packed meeting house. Should I say outright that I was ill, but ill, of course, only because somebody unspecified had poisoned me? My mind answered: if my cook-boy did not believe in the poisoning theory, why should a single other soul in those spell-haunted villages? So, alternatively, should I, without a word of explanation, suspend court sessions until further notice? The answer to that one was that it would simply bring a swarm of fearful folk, driven by the gibes of the sorcerer himself, rushing round to confirm his triumph. There was absolutely nothing I could do to avoid disaster. Yet I must do something. My mind went on and on; rigors began to seize my body; by four o'clock I was semi-delirious. And then, in the same dark hour of Taakeuta's warning visit and the first onset of my sickness, more help came. You can call it an accident out of space this time, unless you still prefer Providence. A roaring westerly gale blew up, unprecedentedly late in the season, and like a great laughing giant pushed over half the dwellings on the island. Nobody was hurt, but it took the villagers a full week of intensive communal work to get their homes standing again. Until the following Monday, not a mother's son wanted to be bothered with me or my Lands Commission.

So I had nine grace-days in all for secret running repairs. My cook-boy easily kept the odd caller at a distance by saying I was buried in my writing work. My difficult temper when interrupted at that was well known. The searing flame inside me nearly cooked my goose on Monday and Tuesday, I imagine, for there were sloughings and haemorrhages too. But rest, with an exclusive diet of tinned milk, olive oil and bicarbonate of soda, worked something like a miracle in the next few days. I was not to be wholly well again for over three years, but I was able to stand up early on Sunday morning. That night, I staggered without help as far as my cook-boy's house in the back yard while he hopped around for rapture under the quiet stars. He made a triumphal song as well as a dance about it; the words were very simple but they meant a lot to both of us: 'O, the white man, the brown man-o-o!' he chanted. 'Safety and Peace, are ours. Safety and Peace!' But there was still the Lands Court to face.

I got to the meeting-house steadily enough next morning, on a bicycle: there are no hills in the Gilbert Islands. My cook-boy was waiting there to hold the machine as I got off; it was quite a usual courtesy in those days, and it helped a lot. There were only eight paces to take from there, and I managed a good, strong walk-on. It was needed. Over a thousand people were waiting under the vast

thatch. According to the forecast, I should have fallen ill by now and they were there to check up. The wicked uncle was squatting on his mat straight opposite my table, in the first row of spectators. He was staring at me. Everybody was staring at me. A sigh moaned through the place like a wind as I took my seat. I do not know why, but that very nearly bowled me out. Maybe it was weakness, maybe relief. To be precise, I desperately wanted to lay my head on the table and cry. But I did have enough sense not to burst into tears, and in the next flash I knew that the only thing to carry me through that moment was a joke—any old joke, as long as it was topical enough. The topic was there, throwing itself at me, a million years young everywhere in the world—the weather. So I stared back at the wicked uncle and said the island would be a lot freer of these westerly gales if the local sorcerers wasted less time on death-curses and put in a lot more on spells for good weather. Everyone knew that good-weather-making was the speciality of my own Sun-clan.

There followed what seemed an age of stunned silence. I thought my feeble effort had failed disastrously. As a matter of fact, I never have been sure it would have caught on at all, but for my cook-boy. He suddenly gave a great hoot of mirth from behind me. It was so near my ear, it scared the wits out of me. I whipped round and nearly slipped from my seat. That and the braying noise he made seemed to pull a trigger that released all the sinister tension in one vast explosion of laughter. The house kicked and twisted with it for ten minutes. The Gilbertese are princely laughers, and they have no nonsensical rules about a man not laughing at his own joke: I howled unnoticed with them and, incidentally, got my chance to shed a few tears then. I knew with certainty that safety and peace were upon me. When eyes were dried and order restored, the wicked uncle had vanished. He never put his nose back in the Lands Court, and nothing was ever heard again of his curse.

Six weeks later, I finished my work on that island. The evening before I left, Taakeuta took both my hands in his old gnarled ones: 'Sir', he said, 'what might have happened but for the prayers of the ancestors?' He knew nothing of my illness. I could not bring myself to tell him that I had not used his prayers. In any case, a blank denial would have amounted to an evasion. My rehearsal with him on the ocean beach had left me haunted with a thought. I felt that the ancestors had stumbled on something considerable when they put that phrase about safety and peace in the form of an affirmation. It seemed to me then that safety and peace truly were, in the last analysis, positive entities within a man for him to lean upon at need. Perhaps that was merely wishful thinking, but I found it a very comforting bed-companion in my sickness.—*Home Service*

## Gardening

# Growing Your Own Seed

By ANGUS BATEMAN

**I**N making your choice of plants from which to grow seed, the first thing to remember is that different seed shoots have to stay in the ground for different lengths of time beyond the point when they would have been grubbed up if not wanted for seed. If the crop is normally grown for its ripe seed, as with cereals, or for its ripe fruits, like tomatoes and marrows, the period of waiting is, of course, nil. With peas and broad beans the waiting time is not very long. It is rather longer where the immature fruits are the normal crop, as with French beans and runners. Then there is the large group of plants in the flower border where you have to wait for the flowers to wither and produce their ripe seed pods.

At the other extreme are the roots and green vegetables where many months must elapse from the production of your carrots, beet-root, onions or cabbage to the harvesting of the ripe seed. For spring cabbage you will have to wait from the spring of one year to the autumn of the next. I certainly should not advise you to grow seed of these kinds unless you have a very large garden.

Will the seeds that you have saved breed true? The majority of plant species, cultivated as well as wild, are naturally cross-pollinating. Every individual of these species is to some extent a hybrid, and hybrids do not breed true. The safest plants to deal with are those belonging to the minority of species which are naturally self-pollinating, such as stock, sweet pea, garden pea, French beans, tomatoes and lettuce. I have

found French beans especially suitable for seed-saving. One healthy, disease-free plant, given plenty of room, will produce enough seed for the following season; and you have no trouble with the germination, if the seed is ripened off properly before being shelled.

In species which cross-pollinate the greatest danger to the gardener is outcrossing with other varieties of the species growing in the neighbourhood. Bees do not like wasted effort, so they will not travel about aimlessly when visiting flowers. Given a big enough clump of flowers they will stick to it. But on the other hand they do not like to mix their drinks, so whenever possible they try to stick to one species. Once having visited some snapdragons a few doors away they will probably come straight over to your patch whatever differences in flower colour there may be. To reduce crossing due to the wandering of the bees grow your plants with as many as practicable of the one variety in one clump; much more than you would require for seed, which would probably be a fraction of one plant. And take your seed from the centre of the clump as these plants will have been protected from crossing by their neighbours. Perhaps you like your wallflowers, snapdragons, Virginia stock and so on with mixed colours? You are on safer ground then, but be careful to harvest seed from all types, especially the infrequent ones, or you will lose those altogether. You are also safe in a species with only one commonly cultivated form, as in Siberian wallflower and sweet alyssum.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Letters of Ezra Pound

Edited by D. D. Paige. Faber. 25s.  
ABC of Reading. By Ezra Pound.  
Faber. 8s. 6d.

MR. PAIGE'S DILIGENT COLLECTION of letters can be read either as a contribution to the history of literature during the first half of the twentieth century (1907-1940), or as a revealing psychological document. As history it will show how a young man from Idaho descended on London in the winter of 1908 and immediately established relations with the few writers he considered of any interest—Frederic Manning, T. E. Hulme, Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford), and W. B. Yeats. The young man was a romantic descended from Browning, Symonds, Yeats; not in any essential degree a 'modernist'. In Hulme he encountered the acutest and most revolutionary intelligence of the day; he was also introduced (through Hulme and F. S. Flint) to modern French poetry (Corbière, Laforgue, Rimbaud, Romains, Vildrac, Spire). Out of the resulting ferment emerged the imagist movement in poetry, and though Pound was not the first to write imagist poems (the honour belongs to Hulme, and H. D. preceded Pound), Pound became leader and grand inquisitor.

This new school demanded that 'poetry must be as well written as prose. Its language must be a fine language, departing in no way from speech save by a heightened intensity (i.e., simplicity). There must be no book words, no periphrases, no inversions. It must be as simple as De Maupassant's best prose, and as hard as Stendhal's'. Above all, imagism should stand for 'hard light, clear edges'. To that ideal Pound has devoted his life with undeviating fanaticism. His influence bore fruit in the poetry of T. S. Eliot, who has never disguised his debt to Pound; it also produced a revolution in the poetic style of W. B. Yeats, a historical fact not so clearly acknowledged. His influence on other poets, here in England and particularly in the United States, was equally profound, though it may also have been inhibitory—to be made to feel 'the vanity of all art but the highest' is not exactly encouraging to poetic production. Meanwhile there was Pound's own poetry, developing from the Browningsque to the Gautieresque, and then, after Hulme had shown him the way, and he had seen what Laforgue was driving at, and had absorbed Chinese aesthetics through Femollosa, his own impeccable style, which reached perfection in *Lustra* (1916). He then (1917) embarked on the most ambitious project of our times—perhaps the most ambitious poem since the 'Divine Comedy'—that poem of which some seventy 'cantos' have so far been published. Judgment on that major work must be suspended until the complete design is evident, but it may already be predicted that it contains enough perfect verse to secure a poet's immortality.

The poet, however, is now detained in a mental hospital. That detention is in part an act of political expediency, but the reader will undoubtedly scan these pages for evidence that may justify such a procedure against such a man of genius. There are, as everyone knows, degrees of mental disturbance, many of which do not merit incarceration. No unprejudiced observer will fail to observe in these letters a progressive egocentricity, and even the cause of it is not far to seek. A man who sets out (1908) with the idea that 'no art ever yet grew by looking into the eyes of the public' is bound to find himself increasingly isolated from the social matrix which ensures 'sanity' (which

admittedly may be no more than an accepted code of conduct). Pound started kicking against the pricks from the moment he landed in Europe, and the inertia of the brute that bore the pricks produced in him the frenzy of shrill vituperation, scatological abuse, and mere spluttering invective which give these letters their wearisome unity. Of course one sympathises, and sometimes the invective (as in the letter to William Rose Benét, declining to contribute to an anthology that Benét was editing) rises to a withering temperature. But then one remembers the inconsistency of it all. Pound professes a great admiration for Confucius; he has translated the *Ta Hio* and other Confucian classics. But nothing could be further from the Confucian demeanour than Pound's roaring crusade. The Master said, 'He who speaks without modesty will find it difficult to make his words good'. That is only one of a hundred maxims from the *Analects* that might be brought to the attention of his self-styled disciple.

The one virtue Confucius insisted on was 'unperturbedness'; it is the one that Pound never possessed. The fault lies in his displacement, his lack of 'rootedness', his contempt for human failings. He lacks all humility—not so much personal humility, for he has never sought high rewards; but humility towards his art, and towards his destiny. The disintegration which increasingly invades his poetry, and this correspondence, is simply a reflection of his failure to achieve any degree of social, and therefore personal, integration. 'Galdós, Flaubert, Tourgenyev, see them all in a death struggle with provincial stupidity. . . . All countries are equally damned, and all great art is born of the metropolis (or in the metropolis). The metropolis is that which accepts all gifts of and all heights of excellence, usually the excellence that is *tabu* in its own village. The metropolis is always accused by the peasant of "being mad after foreign notions"'. There, in 1913 (and in spite of an admiration, expressed elsewhere, for such 'peasant' poets as Homer and Hardy) is the Alexandrian heresy, of which Pound, in our time, has been the most gifted exponent.

The *ABC of Reading* is a reprint of a 'gradus ad Parnassum' first published in 1934. It is a complete 'poetics' for the modern verse writer, and might with profit be used as a college text-book.

## The Music Masters: After Beethoven to Wagner. Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Cassell. 17s. 6d.

A previous publication entitled *Lives of the Great Composers* is now in process of enlargement into four volumes, of which this is the second. The big fish having been netted, a finer mesh is used for landing somewhat smaller fry.

Thus Professor Abraham's twenty-six pages of Wagner are here measured against five pages from Ralph W. Wood on Lortzing, Berlioz, another of the original great ones, is now attended by Ferruccio Bonavia's Bellini on the one hand and by Dyneley Hussey's Donizetti on the other, each biography a fine example of just condensation. To Mendelssohn is added Sterndale Bennett, and there for a moment one is brought up sharp. Surely this little minnow of a reputation should have been thrown back. W. R. Anderson writes persuasively but has to fill out the six pages with tenuous material. That Sterndale Bennett 'enjoyed cricket at Lord's' is amusing, possibly, but does not convince us of his right to be called a master.

Similarly it needs more than the persuasive

eloquence of Ferruccio Bonavia, who was deeply versed in all to do with stringed instruments, to secure a place among these masters for Vieuxtemps. Another questionable figure is Flotow; though in his case it might be urged that he wrote a best-seller, the opera 'Martha' which still holds the boards on the Continent and has in fact been graced by an English version of the libretto by Professor E. J. Dent. Spohr, Glinka and Smetana find niches in this Valhalla which are theirs by a clear title; Offenbach also. And perhaps Paganini just squeezes in, though with little more justification than Vieuxtemps.

Reading these biographies one is amazed at the fickleness of the public's taste. These pages are haunted by pitiful ghosts of dead and dying reputations of men whose music we once praised to the skies and now ignore because it no longer tickles our palate.

## Freedom and Culture. Compiled by Unesco. Introduction by Julian Huxley. Wingate. 15s.

Official 'compilations' are usually received with suspicion and dismissed with impatience. The present one should attract wide attention if for only two of its six constituent parts—that by German Arciniegas on 'Culture: a Human Right', and that by Jean Piaget on 'The Right to Education in the Modern World'. Arciniegas is professor of sociology in the National University of Columbia; he has twice been Minister of Education in his country, and for a brief period before the war he was Vice-Consul in London. He is the author of several important books, some of which have been translated and published in New York. What distinguishes his contribution is a fresh and lively approach to a subject which often abounds in clichés and pomposities.

He begins with a consideration of the ancient culture of Peru, which has only recently been revealed in all its immortal vitality and beauty, and he shows how such cultures are born in action, and must be re-born in action. For centuries now we have made the mistake of dehumanising culture, cutting off its branches in order to stick it in a flower-vase. But 'culture is rooted in the depths of human existence. . . . I would almost suggest that "culture" is not a noun but a verb, indicating the action carried out by the people as they move forward under the urge to rise, take shape and mould their characters'. He then devotes a few brilliant pages to a description of the birth of Florentine culture in the fourteenth century—showing how everything was integrated in that city of artisans, how the vigour that was expressed by a score of brilliant artists 'was a current which passes from the cobbler's bench right up to the Academy'. 'Men of genius, certainly; but they are men who have sprung from the popular womb. Their feet are firmly planted in their native soil'. The concept of humanism was then invented, only to become distorted into false learning and academic pride—in short, into anti-humanism. Culture is a measurement of depth, not of surprise; it is active, not passive; intimately bound to nature and to work, instinct with respect for the individual, demanding a sense of duty. All these qualities have been lost, and their recovery rests on revolutionary changes in our way of life.

What these changes amount to is shown by Professor Piaget, who speaks with the authority of one who has done more than any man living to found the principles of education on patient experimental investigation (he holds the chair of psychology and sociology at Lausanne University and is director of the Institut

Rousseau and of the International Bureau of Education). He discusses the implications of Article 26 of Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations, and shows how the obligations of society towards the individual in the matter of education can only be attained by some drastic revisions of educational methods. 'The essential problem is to make the school into that formative environment which is already provided to some extent, but not sufficiently, by the family, and which represents the *sine qua non* of a full emotional and intellectual development'.

But Professor Piaget does not confine himself to general recommendations of this kind. He has some practical advice to give, and some of this reflects on our own educational system. He points out, for example, that normal intellectual and moral development is not reached until about the age of fifteen, and 'not until this age approximately is it possible to discover with any accuracy the aptitudes which differentiate the one individual from the other', and for this reason it is essential that the totality of schools catering for children from eleven or twelve to fourteen or fifteen should remain one system, with every possibility of transfer from one section to another to allow for the belated appearance of aptitudes.

He also adds his powerful voice to those who condemn the examination system—a cancer that 'continues to flourish at all stages of the educational system and to bedevil—the word is not too strong—the relations between teacher and student, undermining the joy they should both normally feel in their work, and often destroying their mutual confidence'. He points out that the academic examination is not objective—'first, because chance plays a certain role in the final results, and secondly, and above all, because it makes demands on the memory rather than on the creative ability of the examinee'. Its survival can only be explained by 'causes deep buried in the unconscious mind of man'—it might be said to correspond to primitive 'rites of initiation'. The adoption of psychological methods of examination is one of those questions of simple justice with which Unesco should rightly concern itself.

It is impossible to mention all the suggestive criticisms made in the course of Professor Piaget's paper—on the teaching of logic and mathematics, on mutuality and reciprocity, on the education of delinquents, on casting out fear, on international education. The essential point is that 'any real development of the instruments of reasoning demands an environment of active and experimental collective inquiry and free discussion'.

The other contributions to the volume can only be mentioned: 'Freedom of Information', by Lyman Bryson; 'The Rights of the Creative Artist', by Maurice Bedel; 'Freedom in Literary and Artistic Creation', by Rex Warner; and 'Freedom in Science', by Bart Bok.

### **The Trial of Peter Griffiths. Edited by George Godwin, with an appendix by C. Stanford Read. Hodge. 15s.**

The case of Peter Griffiths is a remarkable one. In 1948 he shocked the country by secretly removing a young child, June Anne Davaney, in the middle of the night from a Blackburn hospital, violating and killing her by violently banging her head against a wall. Such a terrible crime naturally aroused widespread horror and a tremendous effort was made to apprehend the culprit. The systematic police investigation was more widespread than any before and over 46,000 fingerprints were taken. These led to the discovery of Peter Griffiths, a young man living in Blackburn, and suspicion was confirmed by the type of blood on his clothes and fibres from his socks corre-

sponding to those left on the hospital floor. He made a statement in which he confessed to drinking heavily, taking the child from the hospital bed and later killing her because he lost his temper with her crying. It was obvious in such a case that the defence could do nothing to refute the fact that Peter Griffiths had done the murder, and very wisely the counsel for the prisoner attempted to prove that he was suffering from mental illness and was insane at the time of the act. A most able defence was put forward, but the judge summed up unfavourably and the prisoner was found guilty.

The interest in such a book as this lies in two parts. First, the account of the trial permits one to trace the whole course of the case in court. The other part is the commentary by the editor, a barrister-at-law, and an appendix by a psychiatrist. The commentary by the editor is fascinating. He is that most unusual person, a lawyer who appreciates the modern developments of psychiatry. This case is not just a brutal murder, but one which uncovers all sorts of medico-legal and psychological problems. For example, was Peter Griffiths insane? His father suffered from schizophrenia after the first world war and was still ill with this in 1931. The prisoner himself had received a head injury as a child and had been for two years an inmate of the same hospital from which he took his victim. At the age of seventeen he was noticed to be childish and liked to shut himself in the parlour to 'play trains' with corks. He was a petty delinquent and when he joined the Army behaved unsatisfactorily and deserted twice. His discharge was 'indifferent'. His work record was poor—he had twelve jobs in three years. All this is suggestive of schizophrenia.

There are two different forms of insanity according to the law. (Insane is a legal and not a medical term.) First, a man can be certified insane because he is dangerous to himself or others, that is suicidal or homicidal. However, if a few moments after being certified he kills someone another sort of insanity would have to be proved to save him from hanging. This is determined by the M'Naghten Rules which state that a man is insane only if he does not know what he is doing or does not know it is wrong. These rules were propounded hurriedly in 1843, and medicine has progressed whereas the law has unfortunately stood still since then. This trial arouses some problems which may never be answered. For example, no intelligence tests appear to have been made, or at least produced in court, although Griffiths may have been a mental defective and, indeed, probably was one. Again the electro-encephalogram, which is a record of the electrical waves in the brain, was not taken, yet this might have provided useful evidence to show he was abnormal. In the appendix Dr. Stanford Read gives an interesting outline of the relationship of psychiatry to the law. One wishes, however, that he had devoted himself more to this particular case than to generalities.

This is an excellent book and the only adverse criticism one might make is that there is no index. It is a worthy member of the interesting 'Notable British Trials' series.

### **A Doctor in Siam**

**By Jacques M. May. Cape. 12s. 6d.**

By virtue of his calling a doctor is able to dispense with the preliminary, formal stage of a social relationship and to be on intimate terms with people of all races almost from the start. If therefore he has the desire to give an account of the customs of the people amongst whom he happens to practise, he is in a better position to do so than anybody else. Fate brought Dr. Jacques May to Siam in 1902 and transferred him thence to French Indo-China in 1936. No two parts of the modern world could have pro-

vided a medical man of a literary bent with finer material for his pen.

He has made full use of his excellent opportunities and has produced a very interesting book. Laymen have a partiality for medical 'shop', but its interest is not dependent on this. The author has a keen eye for the picturesque, the bizarre and the absurd and in Siam and Indo-China he found much of this nature. Amongst the author's patients were the following people; an Englishman who smoked 150 pipes of opium daily without anybody knowing it; a Frenchman whose aim in life it was to retire to his native Clermont-Ferrand in France, there to sip his bock at the local café, surrounded by twelve devoted daughters born of four differently coloured mothers, black, yellow and light-brown; a farmer who kept a couple of pet pythons, some fifteen feet long, in the guest's bedroom; a medical colleague who stamped out an epidemic of cholera by means of wholesale inoculation, but who all but died of cholera because he had omitted to inoculate himself. All these and many other stories are told with considerable skill. The book ends with the capitulation of France, the removal of the former governor in favour of a nominee of Vichy, and with the escape of the author in an English ship to join the Free French Forces. There are no dull chapters in the book and it would prove a very agreeable companion during a long railway journey.

### **London's Underworld. By Henry Mayhew Edited by Peter Quennell.**

**William Kimber. 18s.**

In this long book Mr. Quennell has printed the most interesting sections of volume four of Mayhew's classic, *London Labour and London Poor*. Mayhew was the most humane of sociologists and his accounts of his roamings by night among the brothels of the New Cut or of his conversations with prostitutes in public or private houses show an almost Dickensian feeling for character, and a sympathy for the poor unfortunates which was not shared by many during the 1860s. Nothing could be more real than the woman he met in the Mall who said:

'I mean, sir, the children should have a bit of meat, and my old man and me wants some blue ruin to keep our spirits up; so I've druv to it sir, by poverty and nuthink on the face of God's blessed earth, sir, shouldn't have druv me but that the poor babes must live, and who's they to look to but their 'ard workin' but misfortunate mother, which she is now talking to your honour, and won't you give a poor woman a 'apny, sir?'

The picture which Mayhew gives of the 'gay life' in the West End makes prostitution in London today seem one of the depressed industries. Highly organised brothels catering for every class abounded, various cafés in Regent Street, including the Café Royal, could be relied upon for any kind of amatory encounter, and night-café, unmolested by the bribed police, provided all required conveniences. Mayhew gives the impression that the square mile round Piccadilly Circus was devoted to vice, and his descriptions have a scientific authenticity. Lack of opportunity for personal investigation makes his sections on the *poules de luxe* less interesting than they might be. The *grandes cocottes* of London rarely approached the grandeur of Thérèse Lochman (La Paiva) who, after devouring Prince Napoleon's fortune, built herself the magnificent house which is now the Travellers' Club in Paris; but many charming houses in Regent's Park and St. John's Wood housed women for whom the rent was paid by two or three unknowing noblemen. Here Mayhew tells one or two unconvincing stories and passes on. He was primarily concerned with prostitution as a social evil, but he insists that it can only be lessened by an

improvement in social conditions, that the women are almost always 'driven to it'. Improved conditions have certainly reduced prostitution to less inordinate proportions but Mayhew never suggests that the rigid moral code of the Victorians contributed to the increase in prostitution, saving the maidens of respectable families by condemning those of the working class.

The other sections of the book are concerned with thieves, burglars, beggars and vagrants of every kind; the subject-matter is not here so intrinsically interesting but it is never made dull. He investigates various rackets such as 'Lucifer Dropping', in which a match seller contrives to have her tray of matches ruined in the mud by a passer-by and bursts into tears until she is

well paid. He studied the conditions of the mud-larks who lived by stealing coal which had dropped into the mud from the barges.

No book captures so completely as this the atmosphere of that large and miserable side of the transitional Victorian society. Mr. Quennell's introduction contains some fascinating variations on Mayhew's original theme.

## New Novels

*The Case of Comrade Tulayev.* By Victor Serge. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

*A Season in England.* By P. H. Newby. Cape. 10s. 6d.

*After the Holiday.* By Cledwyn Hughes. Phoenix House. 8s. 6d.

*Conscience of the King.* By Alfred Duggan. Faber. 12s. 6d.

**T**O watch the political commissar caught in the crystal-clear trap of his own logic is rather like watching a spider in a glass. The spectacle may be monotonous, and horrible, but it has its fascination. The system of Soviet trial and 'confession' must by now be a universally familiar nightmare. In *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* it bears repetition because of the writer's deeper experience. The novel was completed shortly before the author's death in Mexico in 1942; but it is still very much abreast of current feeling and events. Perhaps there are more reasons than one why it has not dated. The spectacle of a revolution maintaining itself in a state of perpetual revolution, whether 'pro' or 'counter', is like that of a performer on a revolving ball. His feet have to keep moving with the movements of the ball. The fascination of the problem is whether and when he will fall off. Serge's novel is another illustration of how the ball has to be kept rolling.

The plot in outline is simple enough, perhaps too simple for a novel of this size. Kostia, an artisan, one of the People, finds himself the proud and secret possessor of a revolver, fallen into his hands by chance. On an impulse born of long and impersonal hatred he shoots at and kills Comrade Tulayev, an important party official, and leader of a notorious purge. For a shot 'fired from the heart of the People' a trial must be staged, and culprits found. They are found in the highest levels of the party, among those who have failed or those who have served their turn and must now be dangerous. The chief prosecutor in charge of investigations very soon finds himself chief candidate for trial. The novel divides itself into episodes dealing with the career, arrest and inquisition of each of the scapegoats in turn. These parts all have momentum and force within themselves; but it is a fault of the novel that they fail to move together.

Comparisons with *Darkness at Noon* will be inevitable. Koestler's novel is situated in a vacuum, traversed by impalpable draughts of ideas. Serge's novel is not situated, it sprawls; but it sprawls with conviction across Russia, from Moscow to the Asiatic steppes, the Caucasus and the far north. Its chief virtue is its sense of the land as a whole, and as a bewildering conglomeration of mutually exclusive differences. To my mind the best writing is to be found in the episode of Comrade Ryzhik, an old stalwart who has survived a hundred purges. His entry into the case is typical. A fourth culprit for the Tulayev trials had to be found. 'A search of the files brought to light a number of dossiers only one of which suited the case in view; Ryzhik's. Popov studied it with the caution of an expert faced with an infernal machine of unknown construction'. The account of Ryzhik's Siberian exile, 'on the brink of nothing', and of his recall across Russia has something of the great tradition, the poetry, violence and nostalgia of a prose tale of Pushkin's such as 'Dubrovsky'. As

a whole *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* is not a masterpiece, but it is the work of an excellent mind and has an interest beyond the inevitable contemporary fascination of its theme.

P. H. Newby's new novel seems to me to throw an interesting light on the problems, trials and temptations that face the straightforward novelist today. The traditions and tricks of realism in fiction have now, like Gibbon's Byzantium, reached a state of 'premature and perpetual decay', or perhaps premature and perpetual preservation is nearer the point. The average competent novel has all the lifeless conviction of wax flowers. Competence has become a question of manufacture rather than creation. The technical experiments of the recent past proved to be ends in themselves, or else have been used up. Yet I suspect that most writers would agree that today is not the moment for any kind of experiment which involves obscurity of the surface. The possibilities have narrowed and it seems as if each writer must find his own unrelated and temporary solution. Mr. Newby's particular gift seems to me to be the invention of character and situation which hovers on the edge of probability without passing into fantasy. If only his writing, in detail, would maintain that balance. But some unhappy instinct compels him to employ all the conventional dead weights to pull his invention back into the stale world of conventional realism.

The structure of *A Season in England* is certainly its chief virtue, though a brief résumé will not be fair to it. Passmore, a lecturer in Cairo, returns to England with the self-appointed mission of meeting the parents of a dead colleague, and informing them of his secret marriage and of the Greek daughter-in-law, Renee, of whom they have never heard. His motives are complicated by his own feelings for Renee who has rejected his proposal of marriage. Renee, without being precisely a *femme fatale*, is the nemesis of the novel. It is all very well that to Passmore she should be a projection of desirability; to the reader, since she takes up so much room, she should be something more. As it is she never emerges as a coherent being, but remains a sort of sexual poltergeist who disrupts the action, in order to create surprise and suspense. Surprise is both the virtue and the vice of the skilful narrative. It distorts even the characters of Renee's formidable parents-in-law, who are otherwise genuine figures of imaginative consistency, judiciously far-fetched and surprising enough in their own right. As action develops there are ominous moments when suspense is all too evidently contrived. With an attempted murder the book degenerates into a psychological thriller, complete with careful shifts of suspicion, lush setting, pent atmosphere and all. The rural English backgrounds have all the stifling conviction of a film set. It is they, as much as anything, which stifle the novel's abundant promise.

Page by page, Cledwyn Hughes' writing has all the affectionate detail of an illuminator or miniaturist. Every phrase has to register its colour. 'The bright lights of the theatre canopy gave a whiteness to the dry pavement, and a little tinge of colour sometimes from one of the glass panels of the swing door'. The total effect is more like a picture by a Sunday painter, full of naive cunning, crammed with small effects, irritating, perhaps, but just as much engaging. His narrative has the conviction of its own eccentricity. A young woman on holiday in a Welsh coast resort decides on a small adventure, a night with a not unwilling curate in the same boarding-house. A few of the wayward results of this adventure are that an elderly lady finds herself burying her pet parrot on a very wet Welsh mountain-top, the curate becomes a hall porter at a hospital, the woman is imprisoned by her crazed husband on a lonely farm, and escapes with the help of a band of carol-singers. It is very much a game of consequences, but shrewdly conceived. It is a pity there has to be so much dialogue, when it is all written for one staccato voice. At moments it recalls the patter of a Punch and Judy show.

In recent years the historical novel has had an evolution of its own. In form and approach, *Conscience of the King* seems to follow the excellent example set by Robert Graves' Claudius novels. But where the latter had a wealth of civilised documentation to go on, the present novel is almost a shot in the dark, an attempt to give a coherent picture of England at the blindest and most incoherent period of its history, between A.D. 450 and 530. With the help of the available facts and a good deal of disciplined conjecture, the writer achieves a success where none was to be hoped for. The novel is bound together by the character of the narrator, Cerdic, King of Wessex, a cynic and murderer, but not a modern character in fancy dress. The book is quite free of the charade-like quality and the moral veneer of most historical novels. No doubt it would be easy to go through it underlining in red ink the passages of pure archaeology and research; but even the red ink marker would find himself caught by the persuasive vitality of the narrative. This writer's forte is the general historian's weakness, the description of battles. Seen as organised struggles lapsing into chaos, decided by accident and the impromptu cunning which makes use of it, they have all the reality which the chess-games of most written history have not. The writer even takes the risk, though with due caution, of approaching the historic Arthur; and Arthur's legendary victory of Mount Badon is here rendered as a rather ridiculous, but important and highly convincing, engagement. Since the history of a period such as this is bound to be nine-tenths conjecture, it may just as well be cast in the form of a novel as in any other.

DAVID PAUL

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

## TELEVISION

### Ibsen's 'Ghosts'

THE LAST SCENE of 'Ghosts', played unfalteringly by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, and by Mr. Andrew Osborn with less certainty but still finely, is the most impressive thing, the most completely successful, we have encountered in television drama. The pity and terror of Oswald Alving's breakdown, his whimper for the sun rising upon the dreadful spectacle of a man dead while yet living, the fear and horror of his mother hushed one's spirit in front of the camera as it does, or should do, in the theatre. 'Ghosts' is not a pretty play, and it is not easy to see why it should have the effect of a great tragedy. Whatever it may be in Ibsen's Norwegian, it is not, in its English translations, magnificently written. There are no splendours of verse to transfigure the crises of its grey and terrible story. There is no spiritual progress in its hero: in the end Oswald comes to a condition, not only in which no progress has been made, but in which no progress will ever be possible. There is not for him the realisation of Hamlet's 'The readiness is all', nor Oedipus' recognition of his unwitting guilt. Nor can one take pride in the spectacle of Ibsen's characters discovering in themselves courage and fortitude with which to meet their unimaginable misfortunes. When the disease that Oswald's father has contracted destroys Oswald's brain, the young man and his mother are crushed and defeated. It is a play without any human victory to console us anywhere.

Its effect is somewhat similar to that of Thucydides' narrative of the annihilation of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse. The expedition, says the historian, was utterly and at all points defeated, and, of many that set

out, few returned home. Life, happily enough, is rarely like that. Things do not happen with unqualified completeness. There are always reservations to be made, there are loose ends hanging out. The pattern is never finished, it is never self-contained, it is never perfect either in welfare or misery. Something aesthetic in us, most probably unwisely, rebels against this. We long for the absolute, the unqualified, the complete. The Athenian defeat, with no mitigating circumstance, gives it to us; so does 'Ghosts'.



Scene from the televised version of Ibsen's 'Ghosts', with, left to right, Andrew Osborn as Oswald; Ronald Simpson as Pastor Manders; Joan Heal as Regina; and Cathleen Nesbitt as Mrs. Alving



notions of ordinary respectability can result in terrible tragedy. He should have shown that they may do this even when held by intelligent and well-meaning people. The force of his conviction is weakened when the tragedy is the consequence of the respectability only of a stupid man. Here Ibsen's zeal as a reformer gets the better of his integrity as an artist, and his play is in consequence enfeebled.

Apart from the character of Manders, the drama moves on superbly to its frightening and inexorable conclusion. From the beginning, in spite of a few touches of gaiety, Miss Nesbitt's Mrs. Alving was a

splendid tragic figure, capable of infinite suffering, ready for the last turn of the screw. Mr. Osborn's accent was occasionally troubling. It is so incredibly superior. But in the last terrible scene he swam finely in the choking waters of the catastrophe, and the result was a triumph.

Television drama recently has justly made wide experiments. We have had the great crowd scenes of 'Julius Caesar' (and very successful they were, too); and now there has been this narrow and confined climax between two people in a small room, such as the viewer himself might well be sitting in. The success of 'Julius Caesar' seemed to me largely a *tour de force*, a demonstration that television, if managed with brains, could do things not naturally suited to it. In the climax of 'Ghosts' this feeling of strain did not exist. Here, one felt, the task and the medium could have been made for each other. The effect of concentration was tremendous.

Douglas Allen's production of Jon Manchip White's adaptation of Martyn Coleman's version



'Les Sylphides', televised on March 23: Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine (of the Marquis de Cuevas' Ballet de Monte Carlo) with the corps de ballet  
Left: scene from Douglas Allen's production of 'Cranford' on March 25, with, left to right, Robert Brown as Jem Hearn; Thelma Ruby as Martha; Gillian Lind as Miss Matty; and Juli Braddock as Miss Mary Smith

The production by Val Gielgud and Dallas Bower achieved this fully. It did not remove the play's obvious defects, most of which are concentrated in the character of Pastor Manders. Manders is a prig, and a dishonest one, and Mr. Ronald Simpson's performance was unable to conceal the fact from us. Ibsen's argument is that the

of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' was probably intended merely to float us over Easter without exciting or troubling us, and it served its modest purpose well enough. But it all seemed rather silly. Did Mrs. Gaskell's ladies squeal and squeak quite as much as they were here made to do? Were they really as chirrupy and foolish as this? Perhaps they did. Perhaps they were. I think that I shall not bother to read *Cranford* again. Yet once it seemed to me a quiet, sensible, and rather charming book.

HAROLD HOBSON

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Mrs. Pain's Psychowotsits

'HOW MAD IT WAS, how sad it was, but above all, how it was psychological!' The old line recurred last week. Like Madame Tussaud for an earlier generation, Nesta Pain has made us, these past years, a wonderful gallery of... well, not rogues, but mesmerists, drug fiends, 'lobotomists' and 'fatties', was it not, last time? I feel sure it was fatties, for I remember dating from that ineffaceable featurette my doleful knowledge that one gin-and-it was as fattening as two buns and butter (to say nothing of the purchase tax). However I don't want to tease the B.B.C. just now about slimming which is a sore point; I merely want to recall that Mrs. Pain has only herself to blame if we expected a high standard in her latest exhibit which was, logically, about mental as opposed to mere sartorial misfittings.

So in 'The Misfit' we had a chucklesome, gruesome old judge; Edward Chapman as the wise trick-cyclist; and a more or less ordinary fella, doncherknow, talking altogether as the ladies (bless 'em) often suppose that horrid men of the world do talk together in clubs, which is to say, Maughamesquely. It started well—banter about the law and pathology, which is always a promising battle; I feared that we were in for penology rather than psychopathy, but at first all looked well. We met loopy Lorna who was a misfit by reason of continually marrying and burning down south-coast hotels, and so absorbed was I in her 'amazing story' that the time seemed all too short; before you could say 'Schizothymicals' we were on to the even less edifying case of beastly Ballantyne who insisted on drinking himself to death in Glasgow and insisted, with a disregard of the charges involved—thus showing how his Scots sense of values had deserted him—in ringing up Edward Chapman, long distance, to tell him about it. And then the nine o'clock News intervened or we should surely have come on to Matilda who 'told such dreadful lies, it made one gasp and stretch one's eyes'. For was not she, together with all Belloc's cautionary children, a psychopath too? Indeed the term seems to fit almost everyone—and when the late John Haigh popped up for a moment, we all began to feel anxious. Who, after all, shall 'scape whipping? The old judge seemed to have learned something or other, but what it was quite I didn't appreciate. But I was feeling at that moment less critical than merely disappointed.

No one admires Nesta Pain in this vein more than I do. Obviously it would be unfair to attack what is merely popular journalism on the grounds that it is superficial; that would be like complaining that my favourite Lady Oracle, in the *Daily Howl*, who gives such practical advice about bringing erring husbands to heel, does not burrow down to the eternal verities in her answers to the anxious letter-writers. Nor do I wish to start again arguing about the difference between Art and Case-Book Histories, or why (in my view) one Raskolnikov is worth a hundred attested case histories. Nor did I think this programme badly done in its way—though it was rather shapeless, perhaps; the timing, the acting,

if that is the word for it, and the intrinsic 'interest' of the thing were a pleasure. Can it be, however, that the more such a subject interests you personally, the less tolerant you are of a popular journalistic approach? That is probably it.

To keep the picture medical, let us consider the Welsh on Sunday night: 'District Nurse' by Mabel Mullens, produced by Elwyn Evans. This had nearly all the faults of shapelessness, repetitiveness—how many scenes were there in which good-hearted people rose to offer small sums for supporting the nursing association? There were pointless irrelevances and at one moment we feared that we were in for antiphonal chanting of catchwords. Yet it was, in its simplicity and seriousness and its friendly gossip style, as pleasant a thing as I remember this week. Here too, I suppose, one could say that a sharper vision and a more illuminating parade of human weakness would have been preferable to the single, narrow viewpoint of a hardworking nurse. But how much is gained by a first-person narrative 'in character'. Jacqueline Thompson did it well, and among the character parts I liked best Madge Jones. Perhaps I shall be told that this was only an Englishman's idea of a Welsh voice, but even so, it was wonderfully funny.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Aspects of Life

WHEN I TURNED ON a talk by Christopher Salmon entitled 'Respecting Self' it was in the expectation of fifteen minutes of autobiography; but no such thing. What he talked about was the letter signed by nineteen young American Naval Reservists which they sent from their ship off Korea to the authorities at home protesting that they had not been properly trained for the job before them, and the reply in which the authorities gave it frank and serious consideration. Mr. Salmon pointed out that such proceedings could not have occurred in this country and discussed the sharp difference of outlook between Americans and British. It was an extremely interesting analysis and especially valuable at the present moment. So too was his previous talk in which he contrasted the attitude to sport in the two countries. His account of two American football teams contending for victory before the match by means of High Mass, services for other denominations, and prayers in a special car attached to their trains was irresistibly comical to the humbler and less simple Englishman who, it seems, has a smaller sense of his importance as an individual and is more sceptical of the Almighty's preoccupation with sport.

A life which seemed blessedly remote from our madding crowds on either side of the Atlantic was described by Francis Noel-Baker in a talk on 'A Farm on a Greek Island'—the island of Euboea—which his family has owned for the last 120 years. His great-grandfather, a cousin of Lady Byron, had been asked by her to go to Greece and collect information about Byron's death. He fell in love with the country, decided to settle there and bought the farm from its Turkish owner. Mr. Noel-Baker's accurate, unsentimental description of the island, the village and its inhabitants, and the farm left a very attractive and vivid impression.

Margery Fry's glance at life in the talk with which she opened a new series called 'A Stake in Society' on the Home Service was concerned not with the visible but the philosophical. In 'What is "Having"?' she considered the questions of ownership and personality, the limits to which the self extends, and similar thorny and fascinating problems. Miss Fry always treats her listener with the greatest consideration: there is no need for him to break into a breathless trot

in order to keep up with her, nor must he strain his ears for fear of missing a vital word with the result that he catches the word and misses the sense. She talks, and he listens, with ease, and a pleasant little twist of humour thrown in here and there adds a liveliness that makes her talks unfailingly enjoyable.

In pursuit of yet another aspect of life R. S. J. Hawes went deeper still, not however into philosophy but into the bowels of the earth. A creepy talk in every sense of the word! Since hearing it I have decided to avoid at all costs the damp and muddy caverns of southern Europe where a variety of grotesque and colourless creatures are waiting at every step to trouble the imagination and philosophy of the over-sensitive explorer. Transparent snails, eyeless fish, blanched woodlice, pale, blind beetles and lack-lustre grasshoppers with abnormal whiskers are only a few of the spectral inhabitants whose chief occupation is to sit in cold water and do nothing. Mr. Hawes' talk, in short, had all the horrible fascination of Dante and Hieronymus Bosch.

Almost as queer, but with the mitigation of a more warm-blooded and human quality was Stevie Smith's reading, with comments, of her own poems. This was a most enjoyable programme. Miss Smith reads her work remarkably well and the curious mixture of profundity and deliberate puerility in her verses makes a highly piquant confection. Her comments were a vital part of her programme: they not only lit up some dark passages but sometimes supplied essential details which were otherwise absent.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Du côté de chez Puccini

THE OCCASIONAL PERFORMANCE of works by Giordano and Cilea, whose 'Adriana Lecouvreur' was the Third Programme's Bank Holiday treat, at least serves the purpose of giving those of us who may look down our noses at Puccini a better opinion of that popular master. Because he is popular; because he does what he sets out to do with an unfailing craftsmanship, but a craftsmanship that never shows and so may appear facile; and because, above all, what he sets out to do is never the sublime—on these accounts it is all too easy to overlook Puccini's more positive qualities, until we hear someone else trying to do the same kind of thing. Giordano's 'Andrea Chénier' proved to be a 'Tosca' *manquée*, and 'Adriana Lecouvreur', though a more entertaining work than Giordano's, is inferior even to 'Manon Lescaut'.

Nor that Cilea's treatment of the story of George Sand's great-grandmother is without merit. All the lighter passages are handled with an accomplishment derived, quite obviously, from a study of Verdi's 'Falstaff'. But when it comes to the expression in vocal melody of serious emotion, of passion or of sorrow, all we get is a pale reflection of the manner of Puccini, and we become aware of how much original invention and feeling for mood and character there was in the real Puccinian manner. Nevertheless I enjoyed 'Adriana Lecouvreur', though not so much as to sit it out till eleven o'clock. The performance was alive and the recording, apart from some fading, excellent.

The shade of Puccini, but a shade worn to the ultimate thinness, was to be perceived at times behind the music of Menotti's 'The Consul'. It was less apparent in the vocal melody than in the musical treatment of certain dramatic actions—the menacing *ostinato* phrase which characterises the threatening police official at the end of his scene in Act I is a good example. But generally the emphasis is upon the words rather than the music. Menotti calls it a 'musical drama', and the Italian *dramma per musica*

would define it even more accurately. It is a gripping and, as we listen to it, an intensely moving play on the nearly topical subject of the totalitarian oppression of political opponents. The text is admirable as a libretto; it is not, as some have suggested, a straight play upon which a musical accompaniment has been imposed. It could not be performed, as it stands, without music. It falls down because the composer has not written music which clinches the effect of his text. The melodies are always second-rate and usually second-hand, and the musical texture is as drab and undistinguished as the characters represented. This may be accurate presentation, but it makes poor listening.

I have said that 'The Consul' is gripping and moving, while one listens to it, but I must add that, on reflection, the whole thing seems to

be as false in its appeal to our emotions as anything in Puccini. For do not these Sorels, these partisans of 'liberty', when they do happen to come out top, turn out to be just as intolerant, just as cruel, and just as tyrannical not only in their dealings with their former oppressors, upon whom perhaps we need waste no sympathy, but also with anyone who happens, however honestly, to disagree with them on a question of policy?

There is no false sentiment in Frank Martin's setting of the story of Cornet Christoph Rilke, which I was glad to hear again so well sung by Elsa Cavelti with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Paul Sacher. The other two works in this Contemporary Music Centre concert were less rewarding. After her String Quartet, Priaux Rainier's Sinfonia da Camera for strings was disappointing, an angular, gawky work. Com-

pared with 'Ulysses', Maryas Seiber's Fantasia Concertante for violin and strings was downright unintelligible. I suppose one may without discredit confess to an inability to understand dodecaphonic music, just as one may without shame admit to being stumped by *Finnegans Wake*. The most I got in the way of pleasure from this work was the weird and fascinating sound of certain passages.

Among the classics Sir Adrian Boult gave us a superb performance, noble and well-balanced in its progress from tragedy to splendour, of Brahms' First Symphony. This was preceded by a brilliant performance by Mr. Brosa of Stravinsky's bright and brittle Violin Concerto, a wonderfully wrought facade with nothing behind it.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Guillaume de Machaut

By DOM ANSELM HUGHES

Machaut's Mass will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.55 p.m. on Monday, April 9

OF the four centuries between 1200 and 1600 the fourteenth is perhaps the least satisfying to our taste. The reason is not far to seek: for composers were on the whole too busily engaged in reshaping their tools to produce much in the way of masterpieces, and for the full blossom of the 'Ars nova' we have to wait for the next century, for Dunstable and Dufay. In this intermediate period—which was essentially a busy age and very far from sterile—Guillaume de Machaut towers head and shoulders above his contemporaries. In the pages of musical history there is a small and select band of musical composers of whom it may be truly said that they picked up the growing art of composition as young men, and laid it down again at the end of a long and brilliant career ripened and enriched by their own personal contribution. To this company Machaut undoubtedly belongs, and he has one special distinction in having been poet as well as composer, troubadour as well as contrapuntist. The foreshadowing of this combination had indeed been seen in Adam de la Halle shortly before the year of Machaut's birth (1300), but Adam is to Machaut as the budding shoot is to the flowering tree. Chaucer was acquainted with some of Machaut's poems.

In his versatility and fluency of expression Machaut may very well have ranked among those composers who seem to have been able to write counterpoint with the same uncaring ease that we sit down to write a letter. Some 150 works have been preserved from his pen, in addition to which at least eighteen have been lost except for the poetical texts. In conformity with the practice of the time, he wrote principally for two or three voices, only adding a fourth voice in six of his forty-six ballades, and in four of his twenty-three motets: and in many of his works the fact that he was poet as well as musician is shown quite clearly by the elaborate musical rhymes and metrical correspondences. With him the systematic and mathematical cutting-up and arrangement of the melody, according to the principle nowadays known as isorhythm, was no mere subtle device or technical craft, but an honest process which was at once architectural and decorative. This brilliance of artistic treatment of the greater and lesser rhythms is not exhibited *par excellence* in the Mass for four voices which is to be broadcast on Monday, for this is almost certainly either one of his earliest works, or a later work which was intentionally written in an old-fashioned and conservative style, with a flavour more of the thirteenth cen-

tury than of the fourteenth. We shall return to this point later; but it is mentioned here because it is to the great ceremonial motets prefixed to the Mass in four out of five manuscripts—'Christe qui lux es', 'Tu qui gregem', and 'Felix virgo mater'—that we must rather turn if we wish to see the composer at the height of his isorhythmic prowess.

From the age of twenty-three Machaut enjoyed distinguished patronage: first for seven years under John of Luxembourg, the blind King of Bohemia; and then he was taken under the patronage of the Avignon Popes, who presented him to various canonries in France. In one of these benefices, a canonry of Reims to which he was collated in 1337, he seems to have resided mostly until his death in 1377. In 1364 Charles V of France was crowned in the cathedral of Reims, and tradition relates that upon this occasion the Mass of Machaut was sung. Some authorities look upon this tradition as wholly untrustworthy, while others think that it is in no way improbable. But it seems quite unlikely, from the internal evidence of the music, that it was actually composed for this occasion: as I have said above, the style is something like fifty years older at least. The music is homophonic rather than polyphonic (except for the 'Ite missa est') and is more reminiscent of the thirteenth-century conductus than of the fourteenth-century ballad-style. A possible reconciliation of these two conflicting views, which would do no injustice to either, is that the three great motets mentioned were written specially for that occasion, in the period of the full flowering of Machaut's genius; and that the Mass which he had written many years previously was brought forward at the same time to complete the musical programme. Hitherto the historical problem of the Mass has been studied without reference to these three motets, which should be taken into the picture.

The 'Messe Notre-Dame', as it is sometimes called, is also noteworthy as being the second oldest complete musical setting of the Mass known to exist, its only predecessor being the three-part 'Tournai-Apt' Mass. Numerous compositions of individual items of the Mass of similar or earlier date have been discovered, but these bear no musical relationship to one another; and it is not until the middle of the fifteenth century that the habit of composing the whole Mass as one entity was settled, apparently under English leadership. In these later works we find that there is one musical theme throughout, whereas in the case of Machaut's Mass there is nothing more than a general homogeneity of

structure to bind the several parts together, except for the Sanctus and Agnus.

Great as is the interest and importance of Machaut's religious music, he is really more to be distinguished as a composer of ballades, lais, rondeaux, and virelais. No fewer than 133 of his surviving works can be ranked under one or other of these forms. It should be worth notice that these four forms are all described by titles which are poetical and literary, and not primarily musical. Each one has its formal arrangement of stanzas, of refrains, of musical and poetical rhymes: and in the ballades and virelais we often find alternate cadences (*prima volta*, *seconda volta*), known at that period as *overt* and *clos*. Two of the rondeaux are not unfamiliar to many musicians today: 'Dix et sept' and 'Ma fin est mon commencement'. The latter is an early, ingenious, and effective piece of backward (*can-crizans*) repetition, and bears the hallmark of genius in that it is possible to hear and recognise the retrogression without having to follow it out by sight on the score. As a form, the virelai has a special interest as being the link between the troubadour melody and the solo song with or without accompaniment. Seven of the virelais are for two voices, and one is a trio, while twenty-five have come down to us in one voice only.

A definitive edition of all Machaut's work is not yet available, though nearly everything known can be found in print in some form or another. Excepted are the lais, which were announced but not published with the rest of the works by Friedrich Ludwig in 1926-29. Willi Apel, however, who is our foremost authority on the exceedingly intricate and difficult notation of French and Italian music of the fourteenth century, has shown very good reasons for being dissatisfied with some of the transcriptions of the Ludwig edition. Three editions of the Mass have appeared in recent years: that by Jacques Chailley (Paris, 1948) is the earliest and in some ways the most useful for all but the musicological specialist who asks for variant readings and other critical apparatus. These additions are supplied in the publication of De Van (Rome, 1949), while that of Machabey (Liege, 1948) tries unsuccessfully to combine practical and academic presentation. The three editions are compared by Otto Gombosi in *The Musical Quarterly* for April 1950, together with an extremely detailed analysis of the music. The ballades and other secular pieces are discussed in full by Gustave Reese in *Music of the Middle Ages* (New York, 1940; London, 1941), pages 347-356.

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by **ERIC WILLIAMS**

author of *THE WOODEN HORSE*

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## RAY ROBINSON

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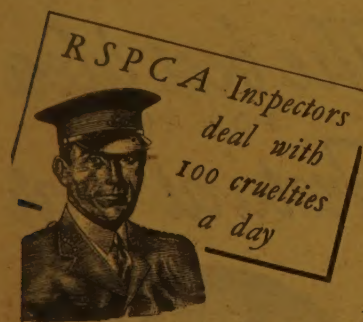
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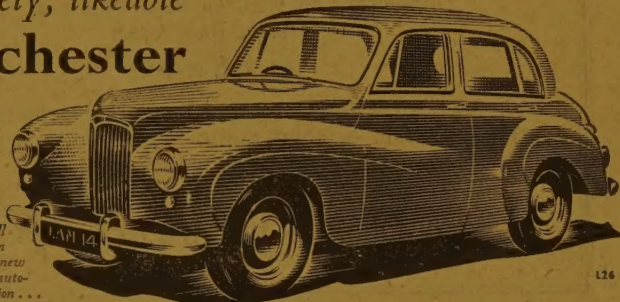


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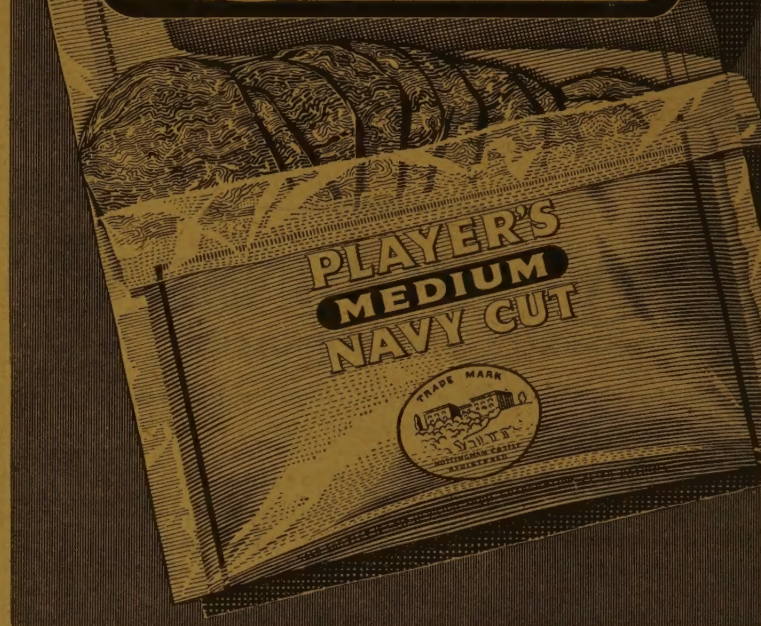
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FOR THIS POLISH you need:

- 3 oz. of beeswax
- 1 oz. of white wax or  $\frac{1}{2}$  a candle
- 1 pint of turpentine or turps substitute
- 1 pint of hot water
- 1 tablespoon of soapless detergent

Melt the beeswax and candle in an old saucepan. Then take the whole thing away from the stove (in case of fire) and gradually add the turpentine, stirring all the time. Dissolve the detergent in hot water and add this, still stirring. Give the mixture an occasional stir until it is cold. The result should be a smooth thick cream which will keep indefinitely. It is excellent for mop polishing because it is not sticky and cleans as well as polishes.

MARY PALMER

## TRIPE LYONNAISE

These quantities are enough for 4 people. You need:

- 1- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of dressed tripe
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of onions
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of potatoes
- 2 oz. of margarine or dripping
- seasoning
- a good pinch of sage

Prepare the tripe by cutting it into neat pieces and simmering in salted water until it is nearly tender: this should take 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 hours. Drain it. Heat the margarine and fry the sliced onions until they are soft but not brown. Sprinkle over the sage. Slice the tomatoes and potatoes. Fill a deep casserole with a layer of potatoes, then a layer of onions, then tomatoes, then tripe,

then potatoes again. Season each layer well. Bake for 1 hour in the middle of a moderate oven—about 400 degrees F. Cover with a lid for the first 40 minutes, but take the lid off so that the potatoes on top go brown. You can encourage them with a little margarine if you wish.

I put no liquid into the dish—the juice of the tomatoes and potatoes is enough moisture—and I serve this dish with a brown gravy made with the tripe stock.

MARGUERITE PATTEN

## CARE OF YOUR SHOES

When people buy shoes they should always ask the sales assistant what is the best thing to clean them with. For instance, blue calf should really be cleaned with a good wax polish: if you can, blue; if not, a neutral colour. I think the best way of putting the polish on to shoes is with an ordinary soft duster. I need hardly say it is very important to keep a separate cloth and brush for each type of shoe. And of course almost the most important aid to clean shoes is elbow grease.

A most important rule for suede is: never take it into the kitchen. It's not as if you could wear aprons on your feet. If you do happen to get a grease spot on suede shoes you should take an absolutely clean piece of blotting paper and a hot iron. Put the blotting paper on to the spot, put the hot iron over that, and you hope that the hot iron will melt the grease and the blotting paper draw it out.

The only way to clean patent leather is to take the dirt off with a cloth and then put on a bit of cream. You cannot feed patent leather as

you can ordinary leather. But you can take care of it; and remember not to expose it to very cold weather or very hot weather. Heat or cold tends to crack it.

JOHN DURHAM

## Some of Our Contributors

PAUL BAREAU (page 523): deputy city editor of the *News Chronicle*

TERKEL M. TERKELSEN (page 525): editor of the Copenhagen daily newspaper, *Berlingske Tidende*

R. A. CLOSE (page 526): returned to England in 1950 after four years' residence in Czechoslovakia

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON FYFE (page 531): Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University, 1936-48, and of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, 1930-36; Headmaster of Christ's Hospital, 1919-30; leader of delegation set up to advise Colonial Office on the founding of university colleges in West Africa, 1946; revisited West Africa, 1948

DAVID GLASS (page 537): Professor of Sociology, London University; author of *Population Policies and Movements in Europe*

REV. OLIVER TOMKINS (page 539): Associate General Secretary for Faith and Order, World Council of Churches; author of *The Church in the Purpose of God* and *The Wholeness of the Church*

DAVID FOOTMAN (page 546): author of *Red Prelude—A Life of A. I. Zhelyabov*, *The Primrose Path—A Biography of Ferdinand Lassalle*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,092.

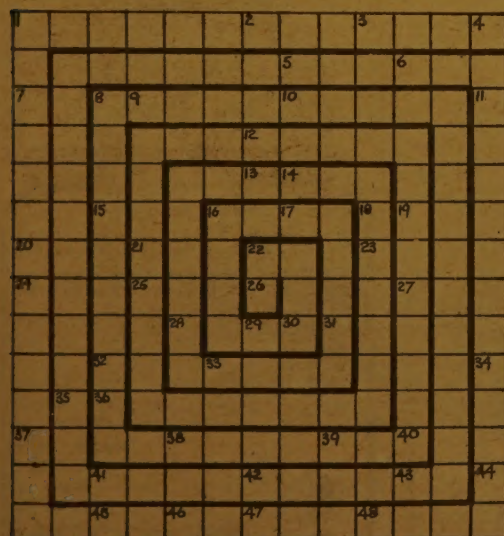
## About It and About.

## By Bart

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

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The diagram is composed of a chain of 26 words, each beginning with a different letter. The last letter of each word is the first of its successor.



There are two proper names, and one foreign word. Some are hyphenated.

The clues to the word chain are to be found in the eccentric epistle hereunder. All are definition clues (with one obvious exception) of one word or more: there are thirteen of each. Superfluous words are at a minimum.

Other lights (26) are normal. In every case the initial letter of the word is to be entered in the first-named square.

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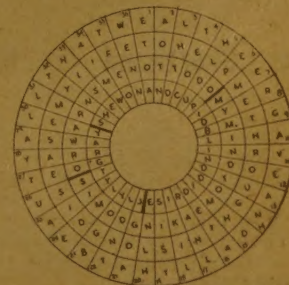
## OTHER CLUES

2-12. With which a shell is laid (4).  
 3-10. It's a hanging matter if the dew has settled (3).  
 4-11. A witticism propounded by Mr. Golightly? (3).  
 5-14. Knocks up in order to knock down (4).  
 6-19. Plump for shooting (5).  
 7-9. The Chief Whip has fifty on his staff (4).  
 8-1. Canny tinker from Burtonheath (3).  
 16-15. The spoils of Corioli were irons of one. Act on it! (4).  
 18-11. Holy Snakes! What a muddle! (4).  
 20-21. The Riot Act is always read with it (4).  
 21-12. Stole you can have when you want to all right (4).  
 23-22. If he got pi, this tyrant would write plays (4).  
 25-24. Add half an as; find a coin worth,

appropriately, half an as! (4).  
 26-13. *Le Matin* starts it off, and off with it (4).  
 28-36. Repeat back this old have, and the girl won't know which way to turn (3).  
 29-42. Sounds as if work is done on credit. That's all my eye! (5).  
 30-17. Here we have 10 baths a thousand stemming from the ground (4).  
 31-39. You'll want your very oldest togs to do this (4).  
 34-27. Breeze blows with perfect exactness in a Scottish direction (3).  
 34-40. A mountain in provincial parlance (3).  
 37-45. Ladybird from Cornwall? (3).  
 38-47. A wolf is bashful without its deformed toe (3).  
 41-32. We are used to solicit grace for them (4).  
 43-44. A husky bit of muscle (3).  
 46-35. Lazy school-boys get the rack, and like it! (4).  
 48-33. Hide a hide shield (5).

## Solution of No. 1,090

Prizewinners: H. B. Drake (Thurrow); T. H. East (Greenford); A. Fenton (Oxford); D. Hawson (Malden); A. Law (New Malden)



## NOTES

Pope:

6. Pope(njoy); 8. Dyer; 21-25. J. Lyly; 26-30. T. Gray.

Quotations:

And all that beguty all that wealth e'er gave (Gray's 'Elegy')  
 To help me through this long disease, my life (Pope, 'Prologue to Satires')  
 Or warns me no: to do (Pope, 'The Universal Prayer')  
 My mind to me a Kingdom as (Dyer)  
 She won and Cupid blind did rise (Lyly, 'Cupid and Campaspe')

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